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THE SUM OF LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY F. D.

When glows the wine cup, brimming o'er
With Bacchus' purple blood,
When the pulse beats high, and the spirits soar,
And joy rolls as a flood;

When to the dazzling heights of fame
Ambition lures us on,
And the vast creation's shining frame
Seems but for man a throne;

When wealth in golden showers descends,
And beauty thrills the soul,
And pleasure's soft enchantment lends
Its lustre to the whole;

Ah, even then we feel a dearth
As though of something riven,
Wealth, pleasure, fame belong to earth,
But love was born in heaven.

When mid the shifting scenes of life
Earth's splendors shall depart,
What then shall nerve us for its strife?
One constant, loving heart.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XXII.

Doris lay long awake that night. Her poor little brain was bewildered, stunned, and she could not clear it of its confusion. In vain she pressed her hand to her forehead to smooth away the troubled thoughts. She lay still for a few seconds, trying to bring back quietness to her agitated mind. But it was useless; even when she had driven the fierce waters back, they rose again higher than before, and poured their seething tide in an overwhelming torrent over her soul.

She tried to analyze her feelings, but she scarce could comprehend them. All that she could make out was a desire to be away, a vague presentiment that she had no right to be where she was, and above all an ever increasing distrust of Mr. Carmichael.

The old contented days in the poor lodgings came to her remembrance, and she saw her mother moving gently about and making of that humble abode a blessed place, wherein a guardian angel dwelt and tended her.

That poor mother! How she had suffered and suffered patiently! With the writing upon the packet a new light had dawned upon her.

Clearly as if a voice from the dead had told it to her, she understood now the last seven years of her mother's life. She understood now why she had prized next to her Bible the laureate's poem.

One dreary night in November it had been lent to them.

"It will be something for us to read together," Doris had said.

And her mother, taking the book from her hand, read on the title page, "Enoch Arden."

"I wonder what it is about; one cannot fancy anything very poetical from the name," said Doris. "Enoch, Enoch, I don't think those old Scriptural names sound well in poetry."

"Enoch," repeated her mother softly, and her mind reverted to the one Enoch whose life is given in a single verse.

"And Enoch walked with God; and he was not; for God took him."

What more sublime biography could be written? What nobler epitaph?

"God took him," she said, half aloud.

The wind was howling round the cottage, and the rain beat against the window. The two drew close together, and by the dim candle-light began the story, the wind sighing a wild accompaniment to the mother's voice.

And they read how Enoch Arden left his wife and little ones and went to sea.

Oh, the sea, the deceitful, treacherous sea! And they read on. He came not back: year after year rolled on—he came not back; and then *she* married—the wife married; and Enoch Arden—— Oh, cruel sea!

How her mother shuddered, deep gasping sobs came, and the tears rolled down. How scared and white she looked!

"Put down the book, oh, mother, mother, do not read!"

But as though fascinated by some irresistible power, her mother still went on. Late, late into the night. It was midnight, and Doris was weary.

"Go to bed, my child, you can finish it to-morrow."

And so she went, and no mortal eye saw the end of that midnight reading. O God, O God! what agony poor human souls wrestle through, to which Thou alone art witness! O Lord, have mercy upon us!

In the morning when Doris awoke, her mother was kneeling by the bedside praying. She was dressed, and Doris thought that she had risen earlier than usual. She knew otherwise now; she knew that through that night her mother's eyes had never closed, her mother's lips had never ceased to pray, "Thy will be done." She knew now why her mother had treasured up that book, and said it was worthy of a golden binding set with precious stones.

And knowing now that mother's secret, could she live among these people? Was it not like crowning with thorns her mother's memory?

Yet Mr. Lynn was guiltless. True; but she could not see him again, neither would she claim her birthright. She had battled with poverty all her life until now; she could do so again. She was young and strong, and she feared not. Quieter now—quieter, for a plan had traced itself out before her. She had as strong a will as her Uncle Carmichael; she was as brave as he was; he should not conquer.

And then she fell asleep, and Joyce bending over her in the morning, heard a calm voice say—

"I am better."

"You will be quite well by the time Mr. Lynn returns."

"Where is he?"

"He had to go to London last night"

Doris started.

"When will he be at home again?"

"To-morrow."

There are moments in which, with a sudden flash, a whole lifetime will come before one, in which we read causes for the effects we wondered at—excuses for the evil we saw perpetrated; answers to the questions we thought never to have been satisfied about; and the past seems to have made a complete period—a finished chapter, to which there is no addition necessary—a drama, which needs no epilogue. There must be a new story commenced, a new plot invented; what has gone before cannot be carried on into the future, and there is a distinct barrier raised that separates the past from all that shall happen hereafter.

It is not, perhaps, the experience of every one of us, but it is of many.

It was the experience of Doris at this present moment.

The life that had been here until now seemed to have come to a full stop. She had read to the end of the chapter, and had closed the book. It was a relief to her, the tale was finished; a new story must succeed, and the outline faintly shadowed in the night gained breadth and sharpness, and did not vanish away with morning light as most night visions do. It arranged itself in her mind, and worked itself out with detailed comprehensiveness.

Aunt Lotty's eyes were gladdened by the sight of Doris looking, if pale, yet contented and almost cheerful.

She wondered she had ever been otherwise.

"A father and two dear little brothers," she said to Joyce; "I really cannot understand it."

But poor Aunt Lotty never could understand anything that was not quite simple and on the surface.

Mr. Carmichael, greeting his niece, met her eyes steadily and searchingly looking into his, and his own for a moment fell beneath the steady gaze. But only for a moment; he rallied instantly, and being in good spirits that morning, addressed Doris as Miss Gresford Lynn, and alluded to the fortune of which she would shortly be the possessor.

"My niece the heiress," he said.

Doris could almost have sprung from her seat, and rushed away weeping; but her resolve being taken, she sat still and firmly compressed her lips.

Then Mr. Carmichael's voice assumed a saddened tone, and he said, softly—

"Would that my poor sister had lived to see this day."

The expression of this natural and amiable sentiment had almost upset Doris's equanimity, but by a strong effort she restrained herself.

"I am going to take a long walk, Joyce," she said, when they were alone again.

"Shall I go with you?"

"No."

"You are not well yet, Doris," she answered, looking anxiously at her; "there is something not right."

"I am a little feverish; this walk will do me good."

And Doris laughed—a strange, hollow laugh that smote upon Joyce's ear.

"I'm not accustomed to being an heiress yet," continued she, "or to being Miss Gresford Lynn, of Lynncourt. How does it sound, natural or not?"

"Not natural at present, certainly. But why should you take it so much to heart? Your mother must have looked forward to this, or wherefore did she give you the packet?"

There was something in Joyce's argument; yet, strange to say, instead of wavering in her determination, she was only the more firmly resolved to carry it into execution.

"My mother was unselfish," she replied; "but Joyce," she added, then she stopped; a new thought arose, "stay; where is the packet? He need not have it now; I am not in want of assistance. Perhaps this is not the time to give it. I will keep it a little longer."

"I left it on the table last night," replied Joyce, "with some other papers," and she lifted up several papers that were lying there, thinking to find it underneath.

But it was gone.

They searched everywhere: but the packet was nowhere to be found.

"Uncle Carmichael has it," said Doris, intuitively, the blood springing into her face.

"What right has he—? It's stealing! Joyce, I *will* tell him so! Let me go."

For Joyce had laid her hand imploringly upon her arm.

For a moment Doris was inclined to be angry with Joyce, also; then she turned and kissed her three or four times.

"Leave me," she said.

And when Joyce had gone, she hastily made up a few clothes into a small bundle, opened her desk, and took from thence the money of which she was possessed, collected the few articles of jewelry that she owned, and put on her cloak and hat.

She sat down after this, for she was trembling violently.

Then recovering herself, she concealed the bundle under her cloak, and slipped down stairs. At the foot she met Aunt Lotty.

"I am going for a long walk, Aunt Lotty."

"I am glad to hear it, dear, it will do you all the good in the world." And Aunt Lotty kissed her affectionately.

So Doris went through the garden and into the road. She felt dizzy at first and her steps faltered. She felt as one who is pursued in a dream, as though she could not place one foot before the other, and that she was trying in vain to flee. Before long the fresh air revived her, her courage rose, and with her courage her strength, and with her strength came all her indignant feeling against Mr. Carmichael, and nerved her for what she was undertaking.

She had gone without attempting to recover the packet; second thoughts had shown to her the uselessness of it, and also that it might interfere with her present design.

She walked on rapidly over the fields and through narrow lanes, leaving the high-road, and panting along like a frightened hare: and whither?

She made her way to the nearest railway station, about three miles from Green Oaks. It was a small station, with a poor waiting room, in which there was no fire. Doris, however, thankfully crept into it, hoping to be unnoticed. The station-master did not know her by sight, and she trusted that she might, at the last moment, take her ticket unobserved.

The train could not be long before it came up. At last the whistle was heard, she hurried out and took a second-class ticket for London; and, without having attracted any attention, got into a carriage, the door of which happened to be open.

The signal was given—puff, puff went the engine, and now for the first time she breathed freely. She should have changed trains before she could well be missed, and all trace of her flight would, she hoped, be lost. And the train sped on; several stations were passed; still it seemed to her as though they were crawling. On—on! quicker—quicker! A snow-storm was threatening; down came the snow, a few flakes at first, then faster and faster.

Aunt Lotty, looking out of the drawing-room window, hoped Doris was sheltering somewhere.

"Oh, yes," returned Joyce, "of course she is; I dare say she's at Letty Jones's."

"Don't say so before Mr. Carmichael, dear," hastily responded Aunt Lotty, in a frightened tone. "I don't know that he would be angry, but still it is well to be on the safe side, and I've been careful not to mention Letty Jones's name since that night. You remember, Joyce?"

Yes; Joyce did remember.

"You think she is sure to be quite safe?" asked Aunt Lotty, after a pause.

"Oh, yes, she would be sure to shelter; she will stay somewhere until it is over."

"But it does not seem likely to be over," said Aunt Lotty, as the sky grew darker and darker.

"Not yet," returned Joyce, rising and watching the myriad atoms chasing each other; "but it is too heavy to last long. We must wait."

And so they waited.

It was more than an hour before the storm began to abate. Such a fall of snow had not been known for years.

It came down with less violence now, but it came steadily, and heaped up a thick covering over the earth.

"It is leaving off, I think," said Joyce.

It was leaving off; but as the darkness caused by the falling snow was dispelled, another darkness came creeping on; the days were short, and twilight was setting in.

Aunt Lotty grew fidgety.

"I think I will send Empson with an umbrella and cloak to Letty Jones's."

In the meantime the train had labored through the snow-storm, and had left it miles behind. There was one station to be passed, and then Doris would be in London; then she should be safe from pursuit.

She alighted with the crowd of second-class passengers, of whom the porters took no notice; they were too much alive to their own interest to heed the shabby-looking people who would not be likely to give them a sixpence or shilling for doing their duty; for though attention to passengers without a fee may be the work of a railway porter, attention to passengers with a fee is duty and profit also: therefore when the two are in juxtaposition, both being duty alike, it is scarcely to be wondered at, that the porter should choose the favorable combination of circumstances in preference to a duty that is simply virtue unrewarded.

Doris, having no luggage, had no occasion for the services of these officials, and was advancing to engage a cab.

All at once she shrank back, and drew her veil more tightly over her face; for on the platform, within a few yards of her, stood Mr. Gresford Lynn.

Fortunately he was not looking in her direction, so she hastily retreated, and instead of carrying out her intention, hurried through the mass of cabs and carriages, and passed quickly out of the gates into the street.

There she stood still—she was alone in London, not knowing her way: and the afternoon was sufficiently dusk for the lamps to be lighted, so that to all intents and purposes night had already begun. The snow-storm had not been so heavy as in the country; still there were traces of it, and the streets were wet and slippery. She was confused and bewildered with the mighty hum of the giant city.

Necessity, however, impelled her to act; she must get on as speedily as possible to the Shoreditch station. She would not inquire her way from a policeman lest it might lead to her being traced in case inquiries were set on foot, and she was certain that every effort would be made to find out whither she had fled. So she followed the stream of people, taking care to keep in streets that were thronged and well lighted, until at length she came to a cab-stand.

There she took a cab.

"Where to?" asked the cabman.

"To the Shoreditch station."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The messenger, Empson, returned with tidings that Miss Carmichael was not at Letty Jones's, neither had she been there. That the snow was so deep over the fields and moor that it was as much as one could do to find one's way; also that in many places, owing to the strong wind, it had drifted considerably. Aunt Lotty looked at Joyce in blank horror.

"It's been on my mind all the afternoon," said she; "I can't get 'Lucy Gray' out of my head."

Joyce looked at her wonderingly.

Now, Aunt Lotty's poetical *repertoire* was limited, and amongst its scanty treasures "Lucy Gray" and "The Battle of Blenheim" had been to her the representative pieces of their respective authors. They had struck upon her fancy when she had first read them, and had remained with her ever since; and on a snowy day, or on the occasion of war or rumor of war, she was apt to recur to one or other of her favorites.

And, in answer to Joyce's wondering look, she replied,

"The child who was lost on the moor, my dear. Oh! I hope Doris is safe. Where is Mr. Carmichael?"

And other fears being forgotten in the one great fear that was oppressing her, she went straight to Mr. Carmichael's study, and walked in, followed by Joyce.

Mr. Carmichael looked up astonished at the invasion.

"Doris!" murmured Aunt Lotty, in a voice that hovered between fear and desperation. "Doris! she's out in the snow, we don't know where."

"I presume that she will be in by dinner-time," replied Mr. Carmichael calmly and syllabically.

"But she isn't at Letty Jones's. She's not been near there; I sent Empson, and they've seen nothing of her."

"Very discreet of her not to go to Letty Jones's after what I said, and very indiscreet of you to suppose that she would go, and to send Empson after her. There is no occasion to distress yourself. Doris has sense enough to take care of herself."

"But she's been out ever since twelve o'clock," suggested Joyce; "and now it is almost four."

But Mr. Carmichael expressed no sympathy with her fears. Doris was not like a girl unaccustomed to hardships or rough weather; he felt no concern as to her safety. Doubtless she would be in by dinner-time. She was sheltering in some cottage, and some cottager would bring her home if there were any danger. "Or, perhaps," he added, with a sneer, "Miss Gresford Lynn has found her way to Lynncourt, to see her two little brothers."

There was a ray of comfort in the suggestion, despite Joyce's doubts as to its probability. Certainly there was no knowing how it might have been; the storm might have overtaken her close to Lynncourt; Mr. Lynn was away, and she knew how fond Doris was of the children.

She tried to hope that it might be as Mr. Carmichael had said, and she went on hoping and hoping.

Aunt Lotty was much consoled by the new idea; it was so likely, so natural; and she blamed herself for her stupidity in not having thought of it, and wondered how she could have been so inconsiderate as to disturb Mr. Carmichael.

"You see, dear," she remarked, "how he thinks of everything. My heart is quite lightened, and 'Lucy Gray' has gone entirely out of my head."

But Aunt Lotty's cheerfulness did not extend itself to Joyce, who could not divest herself of a presentiment that there was something wrong.

Five o'clock struck, and she went to dress for dinner. Half-past five—six. The dinner-bell rang. Still no Doris.

Mr. Carmichael was imperturbable. He would not allow that there was the slightest cause for feeling alarmed. He knew exactly how everything had happened.

"I wish I did," mused Aunt Lotty; but she did not dare to give utterance to the thought. Joyce grew more and more uneasy, and Aunt Lotty's uncomfortable fears began to steal over her again, so that, by the time dinner was over, "Lucy Gray" was again paramount in her mind.

"Could not Empson be sent to Lynncourt to inquire if Doris is there?" Joyce ventured to ask.

"No."

"But she may not be there?"

"I have expressed an opinion that she is there," returned Mr. Carmichael, very decidedly.

So Joyce made no further reply. Yet every minute she grew more anxious; she could not tell why, but she felt convinced that Doris was not at Lynncourt.

"Aunt Lotty," she said, when they were again in the drawing-room, "I am quite sure Doris is not at Lynncourt. I am certain that something has happened; Doris would have sent word. Do send some one to see."

"My dear, I dare not; besides, Mr. Carmichael is certain that she is there, and he is always right, you know. I think he is never mistaken," said Aunt Lotty, dubiously, as though she were reasoning with herself, and endeavoring to establish Mr. Carmichael's infallibility. But her arguments were apparently not altogether successful, for she concluded her speech with, "Nevertheless, Joyce, I'm as frightened as you are."

"If Mr. Carmichael will not let Empson go, I must go myself," answered Joyce, "for I cannot stand this suspense any longer."

But at that instant Mr. Carmichael appeared.

"I hear that Mr. Lynn returns this evening," he said, "and I wish to put into his hands a packet addressed to him in my sister's handwriting. I found it on the table in the porch-room. Doris ought to have given it to me; as it is doubtless a document of some importance, I ought to have been made acquainted with its existence." Although her fears had well-nigh driven every other thought from her mind, Joyce could not help remembering the lost seal. Mr. Carmichael continued, "It was very careless of Doris to leave it about, and I am going to deliver it up at once to Mr. Lynn."

Joyce was thankful to hear that some one was going to Lynncourt.

Would he be away long? Aunty Lotty inquired. No longer than it would take him to walk there and back. It was impossible to have the horses out on account of the snow. However, he should merely give the packet into Mr. Lynn's hands and return at once.

He departed, and Joyce and Aunt Lotty remained in their restless, nervous state of apprehension, listening to every sound, and opening the door every time there was the least noise in the hall.

In less than an hour there was a ring at the door bell. It must be Mr. Carmichael. Aunt Lotty and Joyce rushed to the door before Empson had time to make his appearance, and on opening it discovered Mr. Carmichael and Mr. Gresford Lynn with alarm visibly depicted on their countenances.

"She's not at Lynncourt," said Mr. Lynn, in a hoarse voice, in answer to Joyce's eager questions; "she's not been there. My men are out in every direction. Have you the faintest idea which way she would take?"

"No."

"Empson," shouted Mr. Carmichael, "tell them to get lanterns and search everywhere about the fields and grounds. We cannot find Miss Carmichael."

"We must go, too," he added, turning to Mr. Lynn.

They were moving away, when a sudden inspiration came to Joyce; she flew after Mr. Lynn.

"Stay, stay," she exclaimed, "there is one hope. Have you been to the station?"

"The station!" he echoed, in extreme surprise.

"The station," repeated Joyce. "Mr. Lynn, I think that Doris has gone away."

When Joyce came quietly to consider her inspiration, though she wondered at it, she was inclined to put strong faith in it, the remembrance of Doris's vehement kiss occurring to her.

"She kissed me, too," said Aunt Lotty. "Joyce, dear, do you think it was for good-by?"

How were Mr. Lynn and Mr. Carmichael speeding?

The station-master did not know Miss Carmichael by sight. He did not recollect that any lady had gone by the train. He had issued no first-class tickets that day.

"Any tickets at all?"

"Yes, one second-class to London by the 1.20 train."

"Who took it?"

He could not remember, there was a great hurry, for a good many people got out, and the train was behind time.

A boy who was standing by said he had seen a young lady in black on the platform before the train came in, and he did not see her afterwards.

Mr. Carmichael made minute inquiries. He

decided, after cross-examining the boy, that it was Doris, and that she had gone to London.

She was doubtless on her way back to Devonshire. They should soon find her. Nothing could be done that night; they must start by the first train in the morning. So Mr. Lynn went home to read the packet that Mr. Carmichael had given to him, and Mr. Carmichael returned to Green Oake.

"Lucy Gray" vanished altogether from Aunt Lotty's thoughts as she listened to Mr. Carmichael's account, but new fears arose as great as those that had been dispelled; she was happier half an hour later, when Joyce knocked at her door.

Looking into Doris's drawers to see if she had taken anything with her, Joyce had found a slip of paper, with a few words hurriedly written in pencil.

"Don't be frightened; I shall be quite safe."

When Joyce returned to the porch-room, she sat down and wrote a long letter to Mr. Chester. He was at Rome.

Then she unclasped her diary and made the following entry:—

My story still runs on. How little I thought when I began to weave it in my brain, that it would have taken such wild twists and turnings.

I have led so quiet and eventless a life myself, that it has hitherto seemed to me that only in tales of fiction could anything extraordinary occur.

I wander in memory to the pleasant house, with its bow-windowed room looking on the well-kept garden, that sloped down to the edge of the river; to the monotonous routine of the every-day life of my father and myself: for my mother died when I was but young, and we two were left to take care of one another.

How one day passed scarce differing from its neighbor!—how calm and full of rest! As those days rise before me, I seem to be looking on a mellow painting—a peaceful landscape, with a cloudless sky and unruffled waters. No startling effect, no sudden lights and shadows; ever the sun shining down, and brightening with its kindly rays each twig and leaf.

Then I gently sailed down Time's stream, with never a fear lest the wind might change. My father stood at the helm, and steered the vessel; and I, all-confident in his skill, was content and trusting. No doubts distressed me, no discrepancies annoyed, no extraordinary incidents marred the smooth even tenor of my life, which sped on tranquility, peacefully, and in my books alone I looked for the wonderful.

True, I spent many an hour by the dear old river, fancying all sorts of marvels till I almost believed in them. Now there were fairies hiding in the flower-crowned inlets, and I heard them rustling amongst the reeds, or pluming their wings for an expedition against the great dragon fly that was darting amongst the flags and rushes. Now I pictured Hylas floating down the stream, or wept over the fate of Hyacinthus, reverencing, for his sake, the fair fragrant blossoms. Then again, half-closing my eyes, I beheld in my day-vision the carriage-and-four that took Cinderella to the ball approaching, and I mentally stepped into it, and it bore me to the palace of the Beast, where, like Beauty's father, I gathered one of the roses growing there. And lo! instead of the Beast, out rushed Blue Beard, and instantly I was on the topmost tower of the castle; leaning over the battlements with Sister Anne, and waving a signal to the horseman who were coming in the cloud of dust.

These were my departures from matter-of-fact life, but then I knew that they were departures, and not parts of it; and yet when I awoke from my childish reveries, I felt as if I had been in another world.

But this was all very different from romantic adventures occurring in every-day life, and actually being as substantial facts as the most monotonous existence could be. And now I seem to have a second awaking, and the matter-of-fact life appears as the dream part of my existence, and strange unlooked-for events seem to be the real and substantial portion.

Ah! is not reality more romantic than romance itself?

I wonder at Doris's courage in daring to take this journey, forgetting how much more independent her life has hitherto been than mine,—forgetting the hardships she and her mother have passed through, making her older and wiser than her years,—forgetting how they have been their own helpers, battled through their troubles alone, and acted on their own responsibility. All this makes Doris braver than I should be; and the more I ponder upon it, this flight of hers that at first seemed so extraordinary, strikes me now as a much more ordinary kind of occurrence.

She says that she shall be safe, and something tells me I may believe it.

Yet wherefore has she gone?

Why she will not accept an explanation that is so natural, so straightforward, I cannot understand. The evidence is clear, and yet some intuition of her own is stronger to her mind than facts which to me would be incontrovertible.

If I were inclined to jest to-night, I should say, "You are a true woman, Doris: so unreasonable, so illogical."

But I cannot jest; I think of the poor little thing fleeing away into the dark night, taking her sorrow and her distrust along with her, and pity overpowers any criticism I might be inclined to make upon what I cannot help considering to be her wilful perversity.

The candle is burning low; I must put away my pen. I wonder how I shall sleep to-night? I wonder, too, what Mr. Chester will think of my letter?

CHAPTER XXIV.

Mr. Gresford Lynn paced up and down his room. The packet lay on the table.

More than once he had approached to take it up and open it; but irresolution prevailed, and he resumed his agitated walk.

And yet his heart yearned to read the record of his lost wife's life, though he shrank from the first unclosing of the packet, and from letting the first ray of light fall upon the sorrows of that patient heart.

Oh, that the past could be recalled! Why had she not waited?

And for the last seven years she had lived within two hundred miles of him. She had died, and his neighbor had been at her death-bed, and yet he, her husband, had not known of it.

He chafed under the thought. It was madness to him; his heart-strings seemed stretched as though the next moment they would snap, the tension was so great. He writhed in mental agony, and great drops of perspiration rolled from his forehead.

He took the packet in his hand.

John Gresford Lynn. Her writing! Ellen's fingers had traced it! O wife! O wife!

Then he rose up again; he locked the door that he might not be disturbed, and returning to the table set himself to his painful task. Painful, and yet he felt strange comfort in being allowed thus, as it were, to hold communion with the dead.

Lovingly, he, like Doris, left the little seal uninjured, as he opened the packet. After he had done this, he sat as one in a dream, with the contents spread out before him,—a collection of papers of different dates, much exceeding the original document that Mr. Chester had spoken of as having been committed to Doris's keeping. Probably added to as years went on, and evidently altered and corrected, if one might judge from the sentences blotted out and parts torn off, leaving gaps here and there, which, however, did not interrupt the thread of the narrative.

Mr. Lynn drew his chair nearer the table, shaded the lamp, and began with the paper of oldest date.

My husband, my long-lost husband! O John, mourned as dead these many years, how cruel has fate been to us. How shall I tell you all I wish to say—all that may make you feel happier when you look upon these lines?

Long have I communed with myself whether to leave you in ignorance of my lot, and to let you still believe that the waters were sweeping over your Ellen's grave. Then, again, I have thought that in years to come, should you live after me, it might be a comfort to you to know that your wife was spared a cruel death, and that she died peacefully, blessing you with her last breath.

O John, through many and many a year I have thought ever of you, ever grieving over the dreadful death I believed was yours. The native who alone returned from that unfortunate expedition described how he had seen you murdered, and left a mangled corpse upon the shore. And when I think of the horror that has been upon me night and day as I have thought upon the fearful scene,—when, with the overwhelming tidings of your being still alive, that awful picture fled away, and for a moment every other feeling was lost in overpowering thankfulness, it seems to me that when you know I was not drowned at sea, you, too, may be freed from a long-haunting horror.

For one moment my feeling was of thankfulness so profound that I forgot all else; and then I read how you had been a prosperous man, and were living happily with your wife and children.

And then—O John! there came upon me a flood of anguish that well nigh drove me mad. O John, I thought I could not bear it. I thought that I must rise up that very instant and flee to you. I know not how I passed that day, nor the days that followed it, nor how in my distraction I was kept from betraying my secret. Yet so it was; none knew beside myself how that the iron had entered into my soul.

I read my brother's letter over and over, and I saw that he knew not of our marriage. And then my better spirit wrestled mightily within me, and I prayed that I might have strength to keep my secret to myself and never harm your new-found happiness. O John, it was not that I did not love you; it was that I loved you better than myself, and so for your sake could bear that which for my own sake I should not have had the strength to struggle with.

I would not harm you; I would cause no sorrow to you or yours. To you I would lie buried in the depths of the ocean. I knew from my brother's letter that you and he were still at enmity, and that no word of me would pass from him to you.

Perhaps, too, I thought you had forgotten me, and loved this stranger better than the love of other days. That thought was agony. And yet I loved you with a love so enduring that it swept the bitterness away, and I felt that in the end I could conquer.

And two voices seemed striving within me, and one said to the other,—

"I must go to him. He is mine. My husband, and none other's. I must go to him, or die!"

And the other voice answered:

"He has believed thee dead long ago. He is at peace now; why would'st thou disturb his happiness? why unseal the tomb, and, like a risen tenant of the grave, spread dismay? Dost thou not think more of thyself than of him? Answer!"

And the first voice answered:

"It is because I love him; it is for his sake I would go to him, for he loves me."

But the other voice kept to its one note:

"It is thyself thou lovest, and not him."

So the two voices strove against each other, contending fiercely, and I endured, till, worn out with the strife, I fell ill.

For days I lay hovering between life and death; my frame exhausted, and with scarce strength to lift my head from my weary pillow, and I longed to die.

Then in the night season the angels visited me; I could not see them with my earthly vision, yet I knew they were there—ministering spirits sent from the Throne.

O ye who do not believe in such ministrations, ye should pass through my experience; ye should feel the heavenly peace that fell upon my soul. It seemed as though all earthliness had passed away, and that I breathed a purer atmosphere; that the spirit that had wrestled with the poor weak flesh had triumphed, and stood like Michael, the archangel, with his foot trampling upon the evil one. And I was able to say, "Victory! Victory!"

Then, faint and feeble, I fell back, overcome with the effort; but angelic arms were around me, bearing me up, and pouring into my fainting heart the peace that passeth all understanding.

At last I rose from my bed of sickness, and returned to the duties of life. One shadow was removed, but another had fallen across my path. I tried to think it less dark, but, somehow, it was harder to bear, and everything around me seemed dimmed and faded: perhaps I was weaker. But I had prayed for strength to bear it, and strength was given—

Here the page was torn. Mr. Lynn took up another paper, the beginning of which had also been torn away, and there were many erasures and lines blotted out in it. It began:

After the tidings of your death, I remained for many months with the Bargraves; my little baby—my Doris, was so ill, that I feared I should lose her as well as you. Perhaps her illness saved my life, for if I had had no object that needed my care, grief had surely killed me. But I roused myself for her sake.

The Bargraves did all they could, and wished me to stay on with them, but I determined to return to England with my child, and there in some quiet village end my days in obscurity. It seemed to me, if I could only flee away from all associations with the past; if I could break every tie that linked me in any way with my friends or my former life; that I could, perhaps, look upon the past as a dream, and could live in some new place a life of endurance.

And, so, I sailed for the old country,—not to return to the old home, the old haunts. No; I would not go north, where I had lived before, but to the south; I had read of quiet villages where I could commence a new life, with nothing to remind me of other days.

My name was down in the passengers' list as Ellen Carmichael, for I had resolved to take my maiden name again, since I could not now bear to hear the name of Gresford uttered by those around me, it seemed like profanity; and, so, my brother reading it, and not knowing of our marriage, believed me to be Ellen Carmichael still.

We started with a fair wind, and for several days all went well with us. But on the fourth day the clouds began to lower, and we knew a storm was coming on. The sky grew blacker and blacker, and an awful stillness fell around. It seemed as though walls of iron were closing in on all sides, and pressing round the vessel till they seemed to stifle us.

The captain's voice sounded hollow as he gave his orders.

The sails were furled as by a phantom crew, for the men worked silently and held their breath. They knew what was coming.

There were some mothers besides myself on board, and we drew nearer together, and clasped our children in our arms.

We did not speak.

They prayed.

And I prayed, but my prayer was not as theirs; I prayed:

"O Lord, in mercy, take me to Thyself."

I felt no fear, for what had I to live for?

But my prayer was not granted.

Neither was theirs.

Then came a sudden crash, as though the black walls were split in twain by the lurid lightning stroke. And the wind arose, and the storm burst over us.

The thunder rolled, crash upon crash, and deafened us, so that none could hear the words that the others spoke. And never but in the quick flash of the lightning could I see my companions' horror stricken countenances.

A young Frenchwoman was sitting next to me; her child, about the age of my little Doris, was asleep in her arms, and ever as the peals of thunder sounded nearer, she crept closer and closer to me, and I felt her clutch my dress—as if I could protect her!

Suddenly we heard above us, wilder than the storm, an awful cry.

The cry of men in distress!

I started to my feet, the Frenchwoman, still holding by my dress, followed me, and we groped our way on deck.

Never shall I forget the scene of confusion.

The ship had sprung a leak.

And there was no hope.

The captain stood calm, and was endeavoring to give his orders, but the men were uncontrollable.

In the brute agony of fear of death, in the mad wild desire for life, they fought and struggled for the boats. Despair had crushed humanity out of them. Each for the time would have been a murderer, if so he might save his own life.

Life! life! all for life!

And I was so weary of mine!

"Yea, a man will give all for his life."

Oh, that I should have so seen it.

The storm was abating, but the ship was sinking.

The captain stood with a revolver in his hand guarding one small boat from the crew. An old sailor and a cabin-boy, who alone had remained faithful to him, were at his side, and by the captain's order the Frenchwoman and myself were placed in the boat, for there was no time to lose.

Then the sailor stepped in and the boat was lowered; but as we touched the water, in clearing the boat from its tackle, the sailor lost his balance, the rope that still held us to the vessel snapped, and we were borne away upon the stormy waves.

The moon, that had half struggled through a rift in the clouds, was suddenly obscured and we were in darkness.

We saw no more—we heard no more, except one terrible cry. We knew nothing save that we two, with our babes, were alone on the wide waters.

How the slight boat weathered that night was a miracle! And yet no miracle: it was the will of God.

I clasped my baby closer to my breast. I spoke a tender word to the poor Frenchwoman; and lest she should not hear my voice, I pressed her hand.

And she stooping forward kissed me.

Then we clung to the boat.

And the night wore on. The waters became gradually calmer, but still they heaved like the worn out sobbing of some mighty ocean giant.

And morning rose.

Why came those words to me?

"Two women shall be grinding together; the one shall be taken and the other left."

Two living women and two living babes were in the boat at night, but the dawn saw only one living mother, one living child: the other two had perished!

Oh, God!—

* * * * *

Here the manuscript was again torn, and Mr. Lynn took up succeeding fragments also torn and much blotted, from which he learned how his wife and Doris had been picked up by a Spanish vessel, and had been carried to Lisbon; how, after many difficulties, they made their way to England, and found a home in a secluded village in Devonshire, where his wife, learning the art of lace-making, had been able to support herself and child.

There she had found, to a certain extent, rest for her aching heart; and a life of action had in some degree alleviated the sorrows of memory.

She determined to remain as one dead to all who might have any interest in her; therefore she never wrote to the Bargraves, preferring that they should think she had perished in the Albatross.

Once, only once, had she departed from this determination; she was reduced to a state of great necessity,—her friend, Mrs. Chester, was dead, and she had no one to help her. By a strange chance she heard that her brother was living in England, and, pressed by want, she wrote to him for help; trusting that after so many years he would forget his anger against her.

Her brother would not help her. And in his letter she read of her husband's being alive, and that he was married again; and she discovered also that Hugh Carmichael was in ignorance of her being John Gresford's wife. And she never again wrote to him until she was on her death-bed.

Mr. Lynn laid his head on the table, and remained for a long time without moving. The heaving of his frame alone told what he suffered.

There was but one other paper to read now, and it was still unopened. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS.

We bespeak attention to our new novelet, which we think will be a worthy successor to the greatly admired story of "Hearts Errant." It is called,

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY;

BY JEAN BONCŒUR—

and will run through a number of papers. We are glad to find that our novelets, stories, &c., are giving so much satisfaction to our readers.

We are still able to supply back numbers to the first of January, containing the whole of Mr. Bennett's deeply interesting novelet, "The Outlaw's Daughter."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Two Stories, in One," by a Norse Woman, is declined.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A JOURNEY TO ASHANGO-LAND; AND FURTHER PENETRATION INTO EQUATORIAL AFRICA. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU, author of "Explorations in Equatorial Africa." With Map and Illustrations. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philadelphia. Another interesting volume from Du Chaillu, who discovered the Gorilla tribe, and whose adventures were at first received with considerable hesitation.

PLUTARCH ON THE DELAY OF THE DEITY IN PUNISHING THE WICKED. Revised edition, with Notes by Professors H. B. HACKETT and W. S. TYLER. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philadelphia. This famous Treatise of Plutarch's is here given in the original, with Notes in English, giving a condensed statement of the reasoning, and illustrating the text.

APRIL.

I hear through all the solemn pines
The south wind's pleasant flow,
And see the clouds, like happy things,
O'er fields of azure go,
While all the sorrow from the earth
Seems melting with the snow.

The robin and the bluebird sing
O'er meadows brown and bare;
They cannot know what wondrous bloom
Is softly budding there;
But all the joy their hearts outpour
Seems pulsing in the air.

And we will sing, though all our days
Seem dark with pain and loss;
We know that Sorrow's furnace-heat
Consumes alone our dross;
We know that one dear Father's love
Gives both our crown and cross.

Oh, while beneath the snow-drift buds
The flower we love the best,
And on the wind-tossed bough the bird
Still builds its happy nest,
Pra'se God for all the good we know,
And trust Him for the rest!

☞ Dr. Holmes, in the Atlantic, for April, hazards the opinion that "lawyers half learn a thing quicker than the members of any other profession." He should have excepted editors, who are obliged to know a little of everything and not much of anything. In fact the modern system of education is very much on this principle, and reminds one of Tom Hood's definition of the word *Semi-nary*—"a place where people *half* learn things."

☞ The Boston Transcript says of a long list of the thieves of New York city lately published in one of the papers of this city, that "the incompleteness of the list may be guessed when we say that not one member of the city government is on it."

☞ If small shavings of camphor are thrown on the surface of perfectly clean water, in a large basin, the pieces immediately begin to move rapidly, some around on their centres, others from place to place. The cause of these motions is unknown.

☞ In a communication by a reverend gentleman to the Cincinnati Gazette, on "Ritualism," "burning a little frankincense" was printed "burning a little from kerosene." The reverend gentlemen complains that they have thus made light of a very serious matter.

☞ Barnum, defeated in his political aspirations, will now have an opportunity to concentrate all his energies on some new "spectacular, moral, religious, historical, and zoological drama."

☞ Hood's "Song of the Shirt" was begun and so far proceeded with under the title of "*Tale* of a Shirt," before the ludicrous equivoque struck the intense mind of the author! If perpetuated, it is easy to see how such a step might have jarred with the pathos and potent effect of this admirable appeal to every humane feeling.—*W. Jerdan.*

☞ A mineral has been discovered in Italy which threatens to prove a formidable rival to the American petroleum. It is called "toccolina," and is produced at a place named Tocco Cassawria, near Pescara, in the southern Neapolitan provinces. Experience has proved, it is said, that ninety per cent. of the raw liquid, after being distilled and refined, can be made use of. The flame produced from this oil is brighter than any other yet seen.

☞ A leading state Senator of Virginia proposes a compromise with the colored voters, so as to give them the entire Congressional delegation if the whites are allowed the control of the state government.

My Grievance.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST AND OTHERS.

BY ZIG.

Dear Post:—So you've been and made an enigma out of me! I didn't think you would do it. I didn't believe I'd ever come to that. I never aspired to such enigmatical notoriety. It is true that I have been very near to fame. I was almost arrested by a policeman once, another time I shook hands with a brigadier general; but I never was an enigma before. However, I don't take it so hard as I might, under some circumstances. Not half so hard, in fact, for you have artfully touched one of the inherent soft spots in my frail womanly nature. You have flattered me with charming adjectives, therefore I think I can manage to endure this—and more. But allow a humble individual to give you a suggestion for your next enigma. When you make a puzzle of Zig again, put this in: Invert me, and I form the first half of a certain part of the digestive apparatus of a goose! That will do to start on, I think.

You can make all the enigmas you like out of me, Mr. Post, and I'll take it kindly. But I confess there is one thing that I *cannot* bear. It disturbs my nightly sleep. It puts me in a rage. And that too, although I have, as you well know, the temper of an undyspeptic angel. I will tell you the cause of my grievance, and then I will beg you not to do it any more.

You will kindly permit me to remind you that I once sent you a production speaking my mind on the subject of "Echoes." You have forgotten, but I remember how, in that production, I said to all young writers: "If your friends tell you that something you have written sounds like Mrs. Browning, or Charles Dickens, or any other writer known to fame—don't feel flattered. On the contrary, tear it up." Now, Mr. Post, what do you think? To me, of all people in the world, that very same thing has happened. My chickens have come home to roost. With a poetical justice which is utterly incomprehensible, people dare tell me to my face that I write like—Fanny Fern. The regular subscribers of the Post say it, the dozen people who borrow my Post say so too, and finally, my relations say the same thing. Worst of all, my poor little effusions are lying snug together in the lower drawer of an old-fashioned bureau, and to save my eyes, I haven't the heart to tear them up. I can't do it. Woe is me to-day. They are the only children I have, (or want,) much dearer to me than some young ones are to their step-mothers, and I ask you, with tears in my eyes, how can I commit them to the devouring element? I can't take my own advice. Which is most always the case with people who write advice for other folks.

I have never flattered myself that the trifling sketches I have now and then sent you, amounted to much. Doubtless the greatest sensation they ever produced, has been in my own brain, when I have experienced the pleasurable emotion of first beholding them in print. They pretend to be no more than the crude fancies of a young *pen holder*. But such as they are, they were written without reference to the style of any other author, living or dead. Now, friends, "tell me truly, I implore." *Am I*, after all, only an echo of Fanny Fern?

Fanny Fern is probably a most estimable lady. I haven't the honor of her acquaintance, and consequently don't know a breath against her. She certainly has penned many very brilliant fancies, but *I* don't want therefore to bear about me a mantle of Fern. *I* don't want to be Fanny Ferned here, and Fanny Ferned there, and Fanny Ferned to death. If I am only a Fern sprout, out with your trimming knife, and snap me off, for I can hardly improve upon the original stem. But I don't wish to be a Fern sprout, nor a Fern leaf, nor a Fern stem, nor a dried Fern. I don't want the Fern genius to descend upon me. I would rather have no genius at all. I would rather be nobody. I would much rather be resolved into my primordial elements. It is my highest ambition to be myself. The vegetable which was given me to cultivate is neither Fern, Greenwood, nor Mayweed. It may be rather a small potato, but I am sure it is not a Fern.

And I wish you wouldn't say it. I didn't think it of you. I prefer being myself to being even Fanny Fern, and it's no self-conceit in me to own it. I do not thereby assume to be anything, I only unassume a desire to resemble any writer, however famous, however gifted. The highest good is the habit of perfect honesty, and the most despicable thing is a parrot-like copying of somebody else. And a copy in literature is always very poor stuff. A servile imitation of the style of any particular author is degenerating to the mind which attempts it. God made men and monkeys. He gave men minds, and monkeys the imitative faculty. He created no two minds exactly alike, so that an author who follows the style of another, rises no higher than a monkeyish imitation.

So friends, if it is all the same to you, I'd rather you wouldn't compare me to Fanny Fern. "Which I wouldn't waste at once the time, nor take the liberty, my dear." I should surely suffer grievously by the comparison. I don't wish to monkeyize myself, nor yet to be monkeyized. You can make me up into Shakespearian enigmas, if you choose, or make a whole game of puzzle out of me, you may even say that my male relatives have been in Congress, but unless you want me to haunt you after you are dead—*don't say I write in the style of Fanny Fern.*

ZIG.

A Revolution in Hayti.

Hayti has once more gone through a revolution. Fabre Geffrard, who was President a short time ago, being unable to contend against the insurgents, has resigned, and withdrawn from the country. A new Provisional Government has been formed, of which Salnave, an ambitious rival, is the chief. He will probably be elected President, and may hold the office for a few months, when he will be superseded by some new aspirant, and perhaps by Geffrard himself. The latter has been the President of Hayti since 1858, and in 1865 he was successful in suppressing an insurrection in which the same Salnave was the leader. At that time it was supposed that the spirit of insurrection was totally beaten down, as Salnave fled. The uncertainty of such expectations is shown by the present result, which after two years of banishment brings Salnave back and puts Geffrard in flight. Hayti seems to be a kind of second Mexico.

☞ Eight newspaper men are under sentence of death in Spain. Unhealthy climate for editors and reporters.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

AYACUCHO—ITS NOTABILITIES—BATTLE GROUND—CATHEDRAL—UNIVERSITY—COMICAL CLASSICS—MARKETS—A WORD ABOUT BEEF—THE ALMANCAISE—FIRST CELEBRITY—OUR LADY OF THE LIGHT HEART.

Ayacucho has very little in or around it to much excite the curiosity or consideration of strangers—a very old, half-a-sleep, shabbily maintained interior town, containing between five and six thousand inhabitants, counting in Indians, *peons*, *cholos*, and all manner of mixed mongrels, who are very largely in the majority, and generally more intelligent, active and enterprising than their fellow citizens of Spanish blood, who nevertheless hold by some tenure not easily comprehended, all the mixed multitude in a sort of semi-subjection—not absolutely servants certainly, neither entirely free—serfs, without being quite slaves.

The notabilities of Ayacucho are its battle ground of 1824, which to the Peruvian Spaniard is what Lexington and Bunker Hill are to the New England patriot. Next a cathedral—not particularly grand or imposing in outside appearance, built by the Jesuits soon after the conquest of Peru, dedicated to the blessed Mary, consecrated by an especial envoy of Loyola, and originally, it is said, more richly and gorgeously endowed than any other church on the American Continent. Its interior wealth has been somewhat despoiled by irreverent raiders during the many political revolutions, but enough still remains to dazzle and amaze the beholder with its gold and jeweled magnificence, and make *el Eglesia de Santa Maria* the wealthiest church in Peru—probably the richest in Spanish America. Among the interior pictorial adornments are two Murillos—the "Last Supper" and the "Woman of Samaria," a Correggio, and four Flemish pictures of the grand old school, and all original, the peers probably of the choicest European gems in existence.

After the cathedral, the next largest lion of Ayacucho is an educational institution, almost as famous throughout three neighboring republics of the West Coast, as Salamanca is everywhere in Old Spain. In conversation with the three grave old Dons, who composed a sort of board of regents, they assured us with much self-complacency that no other institution in the world was so ably conducted—nowhere else were all branches of both useful and ornamental education so thoroughly and successfully taught, clinching the declaration with an earnest invitation to our entire party to be present at a public examination. They were going to astonish us wandering Bohemians with the erudition of their more advanced scholars, both male and female—fine, handsome young Dons and bright-eyed, fascinating Donas, from all parts of Peru, Equador and Bolivia, with a few of both sexes from Chile and New Granada. And astonish us they did certainly, but not in the direction anticipated.

There was no division into classes, or separation of sexes as in our educational institutions, but senors and senoras, young men, maidens and *muchachios* mingling promiscuously, and varying scholastic exercises by divers individual amusements—as here and there a handsome young caballero and superb olive-cheeked senorita might be seen chatting confidentially in low, earnest whispers, discussing some subject pertaining more to Cupid than the classics; next them a group of both sexes, orderly as a convention of magpies, socially good-humored, but voluble of tongue, maintaining by dint of many words the merits of their respective military candidates for presidential position. Near by, at a table, sat the belle and Bayard of the institution, the lady a brilliant Bolivian beauty of eighteen, the gentleman an Equadorian Adonis of perhaps twenty-two, engaged at a closely contested game of chess—Dona Francesca, of Cauquisaca, representing the presidential aspirant Echinique, pushing hardly with her red bishops, knights, rooks, and pawns, the white army of Santa Cruz, commanded by Don Eduardo Leontis, of Equador, finally calling "Checkmate!" and compelling an unconditional surrender, in which it was evident beyond much of doubt that the surrender of Bayard himself to the superb Bolivian beauty, was as unconditional as that of his conquered king to the red knight of Echinique's feminine field marshal.

Thus as we proceeded through several departments, we found much to admire, more to wonder at, a great deal of beauty and *bonhomie*, but infinitely less of the classics than the boasts of the board of regents had led us to look for. Accomplishments there were certainly, but not altogether of the kind one would naturally expect to meet with among so many advanced pupils of the far-famed Salamanca of South America. There were many examples of brilliant military science among the young Dons, more of magnificent embroidery and exquisite needle-work among the brown beauties, much smoking of cigarrettas in all directions—everywhere civility, politeness, and that universal *savoir faire* that makes social life among well-bred Spanish people so delightful. But in no one instance did we come upon a sample of learning such as the regents in their honest, ignorant pride had led us to expect as a common characteristic of their model university.

Historically questioned, one of the advanced young gentlemen assured us that the Roman Empire terminated with the surrender of the allied British and Russian armies under Edward IV. of England, to the allies of France and North America, commanded by Napoleon Bonaparte, at Little York, in South Carolina. In natural history, a young lady graduate somewhat surprised us by the assurance that the staple productions of the United States were hemp, olives, and elephants. Questioning the astronomical class, one member informed us that in the northern hemisphere there were usually but two full moons in a year—never more than three. Another asserted that the length of the days in the United States was uniformly about fifteen and a half hours between sunrise and sunset; but not a philosopher of them all was there who could comprehend the question of *shadows*:—

"In the northern hemisphere," they argued, "the sun is always south from you at noon, and your shadows point to the north. Here, the sun is north at meridian; so that it must be between us and the United States, and Boston must be beyond the sun as many millions of miles as Ayacucho is on this side of it. No, that cannot be either, because in that case you could never come from Boston to Brazil in two months. Besides, the world is not big enough to have nearly two hundred millions of miles between Philadelphia and Peru. It is all a mystery we cannot in the least comprehend."

And with all the books, globes, and appliances of modern philosophy and astronomy usually provided in first-class educational institutions at command, the astronomical and philosophical ignorance and innocence of these South American Salamancans, was almost as much a matter of wonder to us, as the mystery of shadows was to them.

Another of Ayacucho's notabilities is the excellence and abundance of all market supplies, fish and butter excepted. These two commodities are rarely found in any interior Peruvian market—never in those of Ayacucho. Almost everything else in the way of flesh, fruits and vegetables were to be found in profusion, of better quality than usual, and cheaper than we had ever found like material in any South American market we had visited. Surrounded by a wide territory, the soil of which is as generously productive as any in the world, blessed with an equitable climate favorable to the best development of animal and vegetable existence, inhabited by a people of better industrial habits than is common in South America, and remote from any other considerable town, Ayacucho of necessity becomes the centre of commerce for an extensive region, and all market supplies, produced as they are at trifling expense, pay producers reasonable profits even at the excessively low prices that always rule the markets.

Beef, the staple meat of all South American markets, there is always an abundance of at an average cost of about four *reals* (fifty cents,) a quarter, or eight pounds for a *media* (six cents,) very sweet, tender beef too; though innocent in almost all instances of an atom of fat, and never quite as inviting in appearance as the fancy show beef of our city markets. I believe that murdering beef after it has been slaughtered, is a characteristic peculiar to Spanish butchers everywhere—more murderous in all tropical than in temperate regions. In South America there is no systematic rule for cutting up a slaughtered cow or bullock—never a round, loin, rib, or roast of beef as one may find in markets of all civilized countries. On the contrary the appearance of a beef dressed, cut up and exposed for sale in any Spanish American market from Mexico to Buenos Ayres, would by its appearance lead an uninitiated purchaser to suppose that a dozen blind butchers armed with axes had beset a bullock, already divested of its hide, upon a very dusty, dirty highway, and fallen to chopping up the struggling brute into promiscuous pieces, mangled and mingled with dust, dirt, and blood, in shapes and sizes as many as there are fragments of the dismembered animal. The beef of the Ayacucho markets is no exception to the universal Spanish rule of blood, dirt, and murder.

Calves, sheep, and pigs being sold alive, are less objectionable, though these are almost as much murdered by the barbarian practices resorted to in bringing them to market. The prices of mutton, veal, and pig pork range about with those of beef, while fine fat, full-grown chickens and ducks could be purchased at an average rate of about a *amedia* (six cents) apiece, or a dozen for half a dollar. Eggs in any quantity, fresh and fine sized, were sold at a media a dozen; yams and potatoes, a sack of about twenty-five pounds, for the same price; while of oranges, plantains, bananas, and delicious pine-apples, two rials (twenty-five cents) purchased a supply of each sufficient for our entire party of more than forty persons for breakfast and dinner. What a blessing such profusion and prices would be to millions who go to market in the United States where present ruling rates of all man-making material are suggestive of plethoric portemonnanies and miniature market baskets.

Last in the list of notabilities, but first in the order in which they came under our observation, was a woman. A most extraordinary woman—such an one as in the wanderings of a life-time one rarely meets with more than once. Only Rembrandt could have made from imagination such a woman. The reality, no living author whose writings I have read, is competent to describe. A mere outline of personal appearance is the most I shall attempt, leaving minor details to the ingenuity of the reader.

We overtook, or rather came upon, the Peruvian paragon as we were approaching Ayacucho, and at the distance of some two leagues from the town. It happened to be a minor fete-day or festival—not one of the regular calendered Saint days; but one similar to the merry May Day of England and the United States, whereon men and maidens, youth and age, go out to gather flowers and make merry. This, in Peru, is the fete of the *Almancaise*, thus named in honor of a beautiful little golden flower found in profusion near Lima and a few other localities only in the whole country—which comes suddenly into universal bloom, continuing for only a brief period, and going out again as suddenly. The territory of the pretty Almancaise in this instance, was near the road by which we were approaching the town, and perhaps half the inhabitants of all ages, conditions, and complexions, were out gathering golden bouquets and making merry holiday.

We had passed in among them, giving and receiving the customary salutations, when as we turned a somewhat abrupt curve where the road swept around the base of a jutting point of rocks, there was before us, within fifty yards, and entirely alone, a woman on horseback that drew to herself in a moment our entire attention. She seemed to be waiting for some one to join her, and with something very like an exhibition of impatience, was riding to and fro over a space of perhaps twenty yards, managing her magnificent black horse, spirited and full of fire, with the most consummate skill. Upon observing our approach, the lady wheeled her powerful horse, standing almost erect on his hind legs, in a rapid sort of demivolte, and dashing down at a quick gallop, met and saluted Arthur Esaling, who happened to be riding a few yards in advance of the head of our equestrian column. Then bowing gracefully as she rode leisurely to the rear of our party, kissing her gloved hand and repeating her "welcome!" to each one in passing, she wheeled again and cantering to the front, and separating our pretty Queen of Naples from rather intimate companionship with Arthur Esaling by wedging her powerful horse in between them, she drew rein so as to time her progress with that of the party, and without addressing any particular individual, said, in a free, frank, off-hand way, and in as correct English as was ever uttered:

"My friends, I welcome you to Ayacucho, and being acquainted with everybody and everything worth seeing or knowing anything of in this little interior world of ours, besides having infinitely more leisure than I have means of applying to any good purpose, I pray you permit me to become your chaperon, escort, hostess, and finally a friend of the family. But first, it is quite proper I believe, that you should know who I—ah—it is awkward introducing oneself to so many strangers—"

Just here a little rotund, rubicund, amiable-visaged, silver-haired padre of the Dominican order, mounted on a sleek, well-bred white mule, came in by a side cut close to our cavalcade and saluted the lady, after which, he began to apologize for having kept her waiting.

"It is no consequnce, not the least, father—we should be thankful. Only see what brave company my waiting for you has brought me. Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you His Eminence, *Senor* Jose Manuel Madiaro, Bishop of Ayacucho, my good tutor and adviser, both secular and spiritual. Now good, father, I pray you present your daughter to our friends," and with straightforward simplicity and a glance of honest pride at the magnificent beauty, the jolly bishop said:

"Senors y senoras, my good daughter here is Dona Juanita Serena D Alva, known better in Ayacucho as The Lady of the Light Heart and Liberal Hand."

During the double introduction there was space for a brief inventory of the fair equestrian's appearance. In age the lady might have been twenty or twenty-five; nearer than that no one could come from anything in her features. Tall and perfectly developed, astride in the saddle according to the universal custom of the country, every motion was the incarnation of grace itself, while in features the woman was faultless, and in complexion so fair, that without the evidence of her correct English speech we should have pronounced her a fair flower of some northern clime. She wore a broad-brimmed Panama hat, with three flowing plumes, two white and a crimson one between—a sort of full flowing mantle of fine olive colored cloth, wrought around the bottom with silver vines and leaves, falling open in front, displaying a close fitting green jacket braided with silver, and falling full to the knee a rich lilac skirt, below which were seen pantaloons of finest white linen. Silk stockings, clocked with gold, and slippers of maroon satin completed the costume of the beautiful Peruvian Di Vernon, the first celebrity of Ayacucho, who is fairly entitled to more particular attention in another sketch.

The Indian War.

The cause of the menaced Indian war is simply this: The two great roads now opened to the Pacific coast and Santa Fe, run one to the North and the other to the South of the Indian hunting grounds—where pasture immense herds of buffalo, with a less number of the antelope and the elk. The United States government has now opened another road running directly through this great pasture ground in question, and the result of which the Indians say will be to drive away all their game. They declare that they may as well be killed at once as starved to death, and so are determined to make a combined fight for their hunting grounds and their homes. It is a pity that some arrangement cannot be made, by which the Indians can be compensated for the loss they will sustain by the driving away of their game.

ABOLITION OF SELF GOVERNMENT IN JAMAICA.—When slavery was abolished in Jamaica, the elective franchise was given to the negro freedmen on the possession of a small amount of property, and the payment of a small tax. Afterwards the tax was fixed at the mere nominal sum of $2.50 a year. But the negroes generally either would not or could not pay it, for in 1860, out of a population of about 50,000 male adults, only about 2,000 voted. Owing to the disturbances of 1865, the Assembly recently voted to yield up its powers for a stronger government. And the British Parliament has now vested the government of the island in the Crown.

☞ A drunken man in Maine snoozed on a railway track between the rails, and a train of cars passed over him, only "barking" him a little.

☞ A suit was tried at Binghamton, N. Y., last week, in which a lady brought an action for assault and battery against a young man, the accusation being that he kissed her while occupying the same seat in a railroad car, she being asleep at the time, with her head resting upon his shoulder. The jury failed to agree.

☞ The French papers tell a good story about Victor Emmanuel. He was driving down to his hunting-seat at Mandria, near Turin, recently, when his carriage was stopped by footpads, who levied blackmail from the Re Galantuomo. He had an escort, but his horses being fast trotters, had left the lumbering cattle of the carbineers a long way behind, and when they came up the gentlemen of the highway had got clear off.

☞ In Indiana, recently, a child was tortured to death by being beaten with straps and boards, hung up by the waist, plunged into cold water and exposed to the cold until frozen. A reward is offered for the perpetrator of this cruelty.

☞ A miniature vessel, about the size of the little ship "Red, White and Blue," to cross the Atlantic without sails or steam, is being built in Brooklyn. The motive power is a wind-mill.

☞ A New Orleans correspondent of the Charleston Courier thinks the destruction of the Mississippi levees is owing to the "clay fish," which scoop out their habitations in the levees, honeycombing them in every direction.

☞ At a conference meeting recently a countryman gave it as his opinion "that if men were not born totally depraved, they became so pretty middlin' early."

☞ In a tract distributed by the Mormon preachers the following question and answer occur: "What shall be the reward of those who have forsaken their wives for righteousness' sake? A hundredfold of wives here and wives hereafter."

☞ Rev. Henry Ward Beecher will not go to Palestine.

☞ A lawsuit of 56 years' duration has just been decided in Kentucky.

☞ The Society of Friends is reviving in England. The Friends at present number 15,000.

☞ A town in Connecticut has a standing reward of $3 per head for foxes killed within the town limits. A hunting party went out recently and killed thirteen foxes, and claimed the reward; but the selectmen refused payment because the animals were young ones. When is a fox a fox? is now the question.

☞ The Pittsburg Commercial, speaking of the backwardness of the season in that section, says that there is still promise of abundant fruit crops. Similar reports come from many sections of Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Western New York, New Jersey and Delaware.

Condition of Affairs on the Overland Route.

Mr. Edward H. Hall, who has just returned from an overland trip to San Francisco, gives us some interesting information in regard to the state of affairs along the route. He was the better enabled to make observations at important points, as he was considerably delayed by the unprecedentedly heavy snows. He left San Francisco on the 18th of February, and stopped first at Virginia City.

Arriving at Salt Lake City on the 9th of March, the main features of interest were the Temple and the Tabernacle, both of which are now nearly completed. The former is the largest building on the continent, and will hold the enormous number of eighteen thousand persons. Nothing is said about the mines prospected by the United States troops while under the command of Gen. Conner, although it is the universal belief of experienced miners that Utah is extremely rich in the precious metals. The surveying party for the Pacific railway had got to work. They are running lines each way. It seems a pity that grading could not now be begun at that point. The railroad company would at once push operations in this quarter were the terms of the land grant somewhat altered. We may say here that it is thought on the Pacific coast that Salt Lake City will be reached first from the west.

Mr. Hall reached Denver on the 19th of March. The winter on the plains and the mountains has been severe beyond any precedent within the memory of the oldest trappers, occasioning expensive and annoying delays to the stage company and to all travellers. The ranch-men have also suffered fearfully. The heavy snow will somewhat retard work on the Pacific Railway, but active operations will begin at Julesburg on the 15th of this month. The company hope to reach Denver in the fall, or at least by December, and ground has already been broken at that place. It is confidently expected that by the 1st of December there will be but six hundred miles of staging between the Missouri and Sacramento.

Mr. Hall states a singular and interesting fact, that a traveller can now make the trip around the world from this city, by way of the overland route, in the astonishingly brief time of ninety-six days.

He discredits the alarming stories that have recently been published in regard to apprehended general hostilities on the part of the Plains Indians. He thinks that they mainly originate with corrupt Indian agents, who desire to create a great apprehension of danger, so as to induce new treaty-making with the Indians. This would involve large distributions of money and goods, the greater part of which always stick in the hands of the agents and their political supporters at Washington and elsewhere. Among the white men on the border and in the mountains there is a general anxiety for the abolition of a Bureau which has made it profitable for the Indian to make war; and a transfer of all Indian affairs to the War Department.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The Public Debt.

The following views on our public debt are worthy a careful perusal; they are from the last number of the Bank Note Reporter:—

The resumption troubles of England after her twenty-one years of suspension are often quoted in canvassing the question of resumption here. "History repeats itself," says some: to which we reply, "the history of the past fifty years is no repetition of any former period of the world; therefore the repeating theory is of no account. Those who have never seen a steamboat, a railroad, a telegraph, a sewing machine, a gaslight, or a kerosene light, are excusable in not seeing that the world moves—in not seeing that modern history, the history of our generation, in *sui generis*, and not the repetition of anything since the deluge."

The debt of England at the close of the war was $4,000,000,000. Ours is five-eighths only of that amount. In population and wealth we are three times what England was then. In short, England owed $363 to each soul of population; we owe $76 to each.

The greatest difference, however, after all, between the English debt then and our debt now, so far as resumption is concerned, lies in the quantity of the precious metals available at the two periods. For the century from 1750 to 1850 the annual product of gold and silver from all the mines in the world was but thirty-three millions of dollars. Now the annual product is nearer two hundred millions.

In August, 1866, our Government commissioned J. Ross Browne to make a report on the mineral resources of the states and territories west of the Rocky Mountains. The report is a book of 321 pages. In his introductory letter to Secretary McCulloch, he gives the product of gold and silver for 1866, as follows:—

California	$25,000,000
Montana	18,000,000
Idaho	17,000,000
Colorado	17,000,000
Nevada	16,000,000
Oregon	8,000,000
Other sources	5,000,000
Total	$106,000,000

Mr. Browne then remarks:—

"Assuming the estimate above given to be approximately correct, it will be seen that the states and territories on the Pacific slope produce annually upwards of one hundred millions of the precious metals; a quantity more than four times as great as the total product of the world less than thirty years ago."

According to this, and allowing that one hundred millions more is produced from mines in other portions of the world, the product of the precious metals is eight times what it was during the first half of this century, and hence any given quantity of gold and silver carry with them but one-eighth of their former value. This, we admit, is not a fair deduction, as yet, but let the product of 1866 be continued for fifteen years, and then this result will be apparent to every political economist and financier. It is quite evident, however, that a dollar has lost something more than one-half of its former value.

From these facts it is demonstrable that our debt is not one-fifth the burden on this country that the debt of England was fifty years ago on that nation, and we come irresistibly to the conclusion that specie payment can be resumed with very little trouble, as compared with that of England after her prolonged suspension.

☞ A love of the drama should never be confounded with a "love of an actress." They are two very distinct things.

A PATH TO FORTUNE.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

I used to think that Mr. Greeley was ungenerous in advising young men not to seek their fortunes in the great cities, but in the country districts; particularly as he himself had come from a country district, and found his fortune in a great city. But a winter's travel through both country and city has convinced me that his oft-repeated views on this subject, and his special earnestness in their advocacy, are abundantly justified by the facts.

I left behind me in New York thousands of young men, struggling hard to get a footing in the world, earning scarcely enough to keep soul and body together, yet who, if they had the courage to conquer a new country, might easily achieve for themselves that moderate wealth which is always and everywhere the best of good fortune.

Every great American city, at the present moment, is overrun with applicants for something to do. Chicago, like New York, is crowded with young men who have flocked to it, like moths to a candle, only to be devoured by the flame. The devil's chief temptation to a young man in the West is to prompt him to keep a store. "Buy a stock of goods," says the great adversary. And of the multitudes who listen to the suggestion nearly all are ensnared. The prospect appears brilliant; but the result proves fatal.

It is an understatement to say that the majority of Western farmers succeed. A more accurate statement would be, that, with the exception of a small minority of Western merchants, all fail; while, with the exception of a small minority of Western farmers, all succeed. In view of these undisguised and warning facts, it is astonishing to see so many young men who, on coming from the East to the West, to begin a career, wreck themselves at the outset by deliberately choosing the wrong channel to success.

I was walking with an experienced merchant around the market square of a Western town, to whom I happened to put the question, "How many of the hundred and twenty business firms around this square do you personally know?" "I know them all," he replied. "How many of them are thrifty in their business?" "Only three." He then explained that these three were growing rich; that a dozen others were earning a living; but that the great majority of the remainder must sooner or later, one after another, drop into bankruptcy.

On the contrary, almost every old-established farmer whom I have met in the West has told me some such tale as this:—"I came here ten (or perhaps fifteen) years ago, worth five hundred dollars, (or perhaps nothing,) and now I could sell my property for a dozen or twenty thousand dollars." Thus it almost seems as if a store were an open gate to failure, and a farm an open road to success.

It requires an unusual aptitude of mind to conduct mercantile business. This aptitude is possessed by so few that every beginner ought to take for granted that he does not hold the talisman, until he finds by an unmistakable instinct that he is really one of the few and fortunate masters of the knack. I do not mean to say that a man who cannot be a merchant can be a farmer. Mother Earth is a good judge of men; she will not yield her crops to the shiftless and the inefficient. But the farmer runs fewer risks than the merchant. The farmer gives a safe credit to God and Nature; the merchant gives an unsafe credit to man. The seed-time knows that its promise will be fulfilled by the harvest; but a promissory note of hand never can know whether its promise is to be broken or not.

CHRISTENED.

[Among a number of little children who were brought or led to the altar for baptism, I saw one in its mother's arms that had fallen asleep during the prayer; and it did not wake when sprinkled, but was carried away sleeping.]

Babe with the sleeping eye and brow serene,
Borne to the altar for the holy rite,
What knowest thou of all this solemn scene?
And where has thy young spirit winged its flight?

What heavenly calm pervades thy tender breast,
And lovely features, cherub-like that seem!
No sob, nor fluttering pulse, betrays unrest,
From pain, late sorrow, or affrighting dream.

To Heav'n in thy pure bud of being given,
In faith and hope, with sacrament and prayer.
Live, and walk through this world, a child of heaven,
By grace and beauty leading many there!

A Doublet.

There was lately a lady of high degree in attendance on the Princess of Wales. It is usual for ladies so in attendance to receive, on retiring, a present of jewels from the prince, and in this case the present was a bracelet of diamonds and emeralds. The lady went soon afterwards to a ball, and naturally wore this bracelet which the prince had given her. She danced, and her partner, after one of the dances, was struck by observing a trickle of stodgy green fluid on her ladyship's arm. He named it to her. They examined it. They traced it to the bracelet. They found one of the emeralds gone. The fluid came from where the stone had been. Her ladyship was extremely disturbed. She sent the bracelet back to the Prince of Wales, telling him the circumstances. His royal highness rushed off to the jewellers and showed them the bracelet. They admitted that it was a "doublet," but they said it had got in by mistake. Great was the prince's rage, and he wanted to know what a "doublet" is. It is a common sort of stone embedded in a material called Canada paste, which was the stuff that ran down the lady's arm, and by which, of course, emerald and other stones are fabricated. The jeweler, of course, furnished a perfect stone, and humbly apologized.

LINEN AND DIAMONDS.—*Enter rich heiress to Quaker Aunt.*—"Good morning, aunt, how does thee do?" "Very well, I thank thee. And how does thee do?" "Very well. Does thee see my new diamond ear-rings?" "Ah, are they real diamonds?" "Yes—they cost three thousand dollars. My lover gave them to me. How does thee like them?" "Well, I must bear my testimony according to my convictions, and I must say that I would rather know that thee wore clean linen, than to see thee with those diamonds in thine ears!" Curtain falls."

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SPRING.

Now comes the Spring from southern lands;
And looking upward from the sod,
Site Nature, holding empty hands,
For fresh replenishing from God.

The birds now sing on every spray,
That late had not one song of hope:
To sing of love on lovely day,
Is clearly all their vocal scope.

The brooks, too, warble as they run;
They sing together, brook and bird,
And always in such unison,
'Tis often doubtful which is heard.

And ever with each other play
The fleecy clouds in highest sphere,
As through the dreary winter day
They wept together, tear for tear.

Soft winds prevail, sweet scents are 'rife,
And every day fresh germs doth bring:
More than a match for Death is Life,
More than a match for Winter, Spring.

The Oldest Lightning Conductor.

Arago, the celebrated French astronomer, wrote the following:

The temple of the Jews at Jerusalem existed for a period of nearly one thousand years; for the temple of Solomon existed nearly four hundred years, and the second temple about six hundred years. This temple was, by its situation, more particularly exposed to the frequent and violent thunder storms in Palestine. Nevertheless, neither the Bible nor Josephus mentions that it was ever struck by lightning. The cause of this is very simple. By a fortuitous circumstance, the temple of Jerusalem was provided with a lightning conductor, which came very near that discovered by Franklin, used by us. The roof of the temple, similar to those found in Italy, was covered with thickly gilt wood. Lastly, beneath the forecourt of the temple there were cisterns into which flowed the water coming from the roof by means of metal pipes. Here we find such a multitude of lightning conductors, that Litchenberg was right when he maintained that the mechanism of the like constructions in our days is far from presenting an apparatus so well adapted to produce the desired effect.—*Hebrew Observer.*

☞ "Sambo, can you tell me in what building people are most likely to take cold?" "Why, no; me strange in de town, and can't tell dat." "Well, I will tell you—it is de bank." "How is dat?" "Because dare are so many drafts in it." "Dat is good; but can you tell me, sah, what makes dare be so many drafts in it?" "No." "Because so many go dare to raise de wind; yah, yah, yah."

☞ To see if a London cab driver could be satisfied, a friend once gave one a shilling extra on a shilling fare. Before taking it he threw a blanket over his horse's head, and in reply to the inquiry why he did so, said "he did not want his 'orse to see how mean a man could be."

☞ Mice and Women—one harms the cheese and the other charms the he's.

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

She sits beside the cradle,
And her tears are streaming fast,
She sees the Present only,
But she thinks of all the Past—

Of the days so full of gladness,
When her first-born's answering kiss
Thrilled her soul with such a rapture
That it knew no other bliss.

Oh, those happy, happy moments,
They but deepen her despair!
For she bends above the cradle,
And her baby is not there.

There are words of comfort spoken,
And the leaden clouds of grief
Wear the smiling bow of promise,
And she feels a sad relief;

But her wavering thoughts will wander,
Till they settle on the scene
Of the dark and silent chamber,
And of all that might have been;

For a little vacant garment,
Or a shining tress of hair,
Tells her heart, in tones of anguish,
That her baby is not there.

She sits beside the cradle,
But her tears no longer flow;
For she sees a blessed vision,
And forgets all earthly woe.

Saintly eyes look down upon her,
And the Voice that hushed the sea
Stills her spirit with the whisper,
"Suffer them to come to Me."

And while her soul is lifted
On the soaring wings of prayer,
Heaven's crystal gates swing inward,
And she sees her baby there.

GURTHA.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

Gurtha, to her own surprise, was tolerably content to remain at Chevala. She was kept fully occupied and amused. The young master of Chevala was the only person there who annoyed her, or of whom, after the first few days, she felt afraid. Mrs. Garstone, the motherless girl soon loved; the girls she liked well enough, but found insipid; she and they had nothing in common. She could neither play, sing, nor dance; of the new novels and periodicals she had not even heard; the books she had read and enthusiastically enjoyed were such old fashioned things as Adela and Mildred, in their turn, had not even heard of. If only Mr. Garstone would have ignored her, Gurtha would have been wonderfully at ease. When Mrs. Garstone did not want her at Scarmouth, when milliners and dressmakers did not torment her in the house, and when she was not, well mounted, and in a borrowed habit, scouring the very beautiful, soft, and wooded country which made the neighborhood of Chevala such a contrast to that of Grange, she found her way to the library, ensconced herself in a nook of the bay-window, and, half-hidden by its hangings, dropped deep into a new world of wonderful beauty and fascination, the pages of the poets, old and new. If only Mr. Garstone would have ignored her—would have let her alone—would not have tried to make her talk about what she read! If he was in the room, with her, she always felt that she could not get out of the range of his eyes. If she got up to leave a room, he seemed to know she did so without looking at her, as he rose to open the door. When she entered a room where he was, he always greeted her with some kind speech. Somehow, she felt always under his observation, and as if no defect in her—of dress, speech, person, or behavior—escaped his keen eyes. The fact was, she was morbidly self-conscious where Mr. Garstone was concerned; he was little more than ordinarily courteous; he wished to be kind; he wished to find out what sort of a girl this was—how she could be influenced for good. Young Mr. Garstone of Chevala was a philanthropist; and in his intercourse with women, perhaps, in part, because he had, when very young, been called to take his father's place towards mother and sisters, he assumed a protecting kindness in his courtesy, was what Lady Duff Gordon tells us her servant called (I forget whom, and remember only the beautiful phrase) "a brother of girls." He knew enough of Gurtha's brother to have the poorest opinion of his character and conduct, and the profoundest pity for any woman in his power.

For a few days, Gurtha believed that she disliked Mr. Garstone, and that he despised and ridiculed her; but this belief only lasted a few days. Then she began to think him kind, and to feel grateful for his kindness, although still uneasy under it. She was very sensitive as to his looks and words—found herself pondering over them afterwards. She wondered what she could do to be like his sisters, and, if she were like them, whether he would be as fond of her as he was of them. She became very patient under the hands of their maid, even asking, quite humbly, to have her dress and hair arranged like theirs.

"But that won't suit your style, miss," that young person would say, and be quite touched by the melancholy despondency her verdict created. As she said in the servant's hall: "I do believe that handsome Miss Trestrail thinks herself positively ugly, because her skin isn't as white and her hair as straight and smooth as our young ladies'!" "What wouldn't most London ladies give for her color, her hair and her eyes, and, for that matter, her figure!" a footman, who thought himself *au courant* of London-life, remarked: "It's on horseback I like to see her," said the head-groom; "why she sits *Black Prince* as if she and he were cut out of one block!"

Meanwhile, poor Gurtha was utterly unconscious of being an object of admiration; took all observation as censure or ridicule, and while self-conscious, was only conscious of defects and faults. She could not be ignorant that preparations for travelling were going on at Chevala; she heard continually about travelling-dresses, travelling-trunks, guides, maps, and routes; also about a certain Edith Wintower, who was expected at Chevala soon, and who, there seemed to be some hope, might be persuaded to go abroad with the Garstones. She heard of Germany, Switzerland, Italy, but nothing about "Paris" or "school," words that would at once have roused her suspicion. Somehow, she had grown to have a quiet confidence in the Garstones; she did not think they would enter into a plot against her—would either deceive her, or allow her to be deceived. The soft and sleepy atmosphere of Chevala, which was inland, rather in a hollow, and belted round by woods, contrasted greatly with the brisk sharpness of that of the windy Grange, and made itself felt by Gurtha; she was soothed and lulled into a sort of lotos-eating langor. She was a good deal altered and toned down when she had been a few weeks at Chevala, for the few days were run on to a few weeks, and she had hardly noticed the lapse of time. It was pleasant in a half-dream to think of Michael and the Cove, and all the old familiar life; but, at present, she had no desire to return to these things. She did not forget her promise to write to Michael, but she did not find it easy to get her letters to him. The post-office nearest Chevala was a long distance off. A mounted messenger daily rode over to the post-village with a locked letter-bag, the contents of which underwent inspection by Mrs. Garstone before being sent off. Two or three times, Gurtha had herself posted letters to Michael on her rides, after having carried them in the pocket of her habit in vain for many days. On these occasions, she had fancied that Mr. Garstone looked gravely displeased. Once—the last time—he had asked her why she troubled herself with her letters, instead of sending them with his mother's. She had answered only that she preferred posting them herself, and she had blushed hotly; but gentle Mildred had whispered to her brother: "I daresay the letters are only to her brother, or the old housekeeper; but she writes such a shocking scrawl, poor child, and is so dreadfully conscious of it, that I fancy she can't bear to run the risk of her letters being seen."

At last there came a time when a series of accidents—weather, other engagements, and so on—made it for many days impossible for Gurtha to go near the post. Michael would be getting desperate, she thought might even be coming to Chevala, to see that she had not been carried off; and it would be so awkward for Michael to come to Chevala! She slipped a letter to Michael into the post-bag, among the others, and trusted that, by some happy accident, it might escape observation, question, and comment. She was in her usual half-hidden nook in the library when Mrs. Garstone, that afternoon, went through her usual inspection of the contents of the letter-bag.

"Mildred, you write too often to Rose Arkright; once a week would be often enough to answer every good purpose: I don't approve of such tremendous friendships. Adela, I think you shouldn't have written again to Walter till you had heard again. A young girl should be maidenly and backward to her lover even in correspondence. I don't see why you should write two letters for his one."

"I promised to, mamma. Walter works so very hard, and I have nothing to do."

"I hope he does work 'so very hard;' young men now-a-days have a great knack of believing themselves very hard-worked. If it's true that you have nothing to do, I'm sorry for you, and I'll find you something."

"I mean nothing comparatively, mamma."

"I dare say, if the truth were known, child, your day is about as well occupied as his. But, anyway, no good comes of these unreasonably close correspondences; they lead to the expression of a great deal of false and high-flown sentiment."

Now it came to Gurtha's turn.

"Mr. Michael Petcowrie! Who's he? Who wrote this letter? Why is it here? Oh, it is from one of the servants, I suppose. Katherine has a lover, I believe. What a horrid scrawl she writes! It doesn't say much for your teaching, Mildred, my dear."

"That is my letter," said Gurtha, sturdily, turning scarlet; blushing for her own handwriting more than for anything else, as she came out of her nook and stood by the table.

"Do you mind telling me who this person is to whom it is addressed, my dear?"

"An old friend of mine—my only friend."

"What is this friend of yours?" asked Mrs. Garstone, calling to mind some vague warning about "a low rascally fisher-fellow" that she had received from Edgar.

"Well," answered Gurtha, "he is only a fisherman, but still he is much more of a gentleman than—"

"Than?"

"Than any other man I ever saw—that is, till I came here. Of course, Mr. Garstone is really a gentleman, but Edgar is not, nor any of his friends; while my friend Michael is—"

"What do you mean by being a gentleman?"

"I call Michael a gentleman, because—because he is brave—because I know he couldn't tell a lie—because he is gentle to women and children—because he doesn't use foul language."

"Bravo!" said Mr. Garstone; he had entered the room for a moment to fetch something, just in time to hear those words, but left it again directly.

"You are a true-hearted, brave-spirited girl," said Mrs. Garstone, affectionately; "but though I like a girl to stand up bravely for her friends, it should not be at the expense of her relatives. You and your brother don't suit each other, and I daresay there are faults on both sides: but you must not speak of him harshly. Now, about this letter—I am sorry to disappoint you, my child, very sorry, but I cannot let it go. I have no doubt the letter is perfectly innocent and harmless; but while you are under my roof, I am answerable for you to your legal and natural guardian, your brother. Take back the letter, child; I can't send it." She then turned to other things.

"If you can't send it, then I must take it—it must go." This Gurtha said after she had stood silent a few moments, flushing and trembling. She said it meditatively, not defiantly.

"Of course, of course," assented Mrs. Garstone, too deeply interested in reading the addresses on her son's letters to know to what she had assented, and the girl knew she had not heard.

Gurtha lost no time in going to her own room, and from thence descending to the shrubbery, dressed for walking. She had not gone far when she was met by Mr. Garstone.

"May I inquire where you are going?"

"Am I a prisoner? Are you my jailor?" she asked, rudely, annoyed at being seen, especially annoyed at being seen by Mr. Garstone.

"Certainly not, Miss Trestrail. Excuse my having questioned you." He drew aside to let her pass, but she lingered.

"I didn't mean to be rude. You may ask where I am going—you may know, any one may know; I am going to the post-office with this letter."

"Do you know how far off the post-office is?"

"No; but I don't care. You can tell me if there is any nearer way than the way I have ridden there."

"Why not send your letter with my mother's?"

"She wouldn't let it go with hers."

A pause.

"Are you going to tell me if there is a nearer way?"

"There is; but it is full five miles even by that nearer way."

"That is nothing—I don't care if it is ten."

"It is a most lonely road, and the evening will be closing in directly; it is dark already in the firwood you'll have to go through."

"What does that matter? Tell me which way to start, please. I'm neither afraid of the loneliness nor the dark."

"But I am for you, Miss Trestrail. You are guest in a house of which I am master; I cannot consent to your going on such an expedition; I forbid it. It is a thing quite out of the question."

The tone was so different from anything she was accustomed to; so gentle in its firmness, and firm in its gentleness, and he seemed so completely to take obedience for granted, that Gurtha was impressed.

"What is to be done, then? My letter must and shall go. If your mother won't send it, and you won't let me take it, *how* is it to go?"

"Will you trust it to me? I am going to ride in the direction of the post-village; or rather, I can take the village on my way to the place I am going to."

She looked him in the face.

"You had better read the address before you promise to post the letter," she said. "If you promise to post it, I trust it to you. Mind," she added, "I *trust* it to you. But I don't want to deceive you into doing a thing you don't think right to do. I'd rather disobey you, Mr. Garstone, and walk to the post myself, than do that!"

Having read the address, he looked grave.

"I wish you were my sister, my poor girl," he said.

"I wish I were. But why do you wish so?"

"Because I should like to be able to take care of you as I do of my sisters. For that matter, I might almost be your father, child. You are an honest, noble-minded girl, and have no notion how to take care of yourself: you don't even know when you're in danger."

"I should like to have a brother to be kind to me as you are to your sisters. But Michael is as kind to me as a brother, and I can't be in any kind of danger from him. You are going to post my letter!" quite coaxingly she asked that.

"Yes, unless I get your permission not to post it."

"That you won't get. I promised to write often. Poor Michael! I daresay he has been up to Thorney-cliff Village two or three times already to ask for this letter. I shouldn't mind you reading that letter, every word of it—except," here she blushed deeply, "that it is so badly written and spelled. It is only to tell Michael I am still here, and tolerably contented; but that I miss him, and want to be on the beach with him again; that I hope he learns his lessons, and has had good-luck in his fishing. I think that's every word of it, Mr. Garstone!"

"Learns his lessons!" echoed Mr. Garstone, with an air of relief. "Your friend is only a little boy, then? I thought—I feared that it was this friend whom you were defending so warmly to my mother just now!"

"So it was. Michael isn't a little boy; he's a great big fellow. He's too big! he's a head taller than you! He's twenty-two. He's so strong, and good, and handsome. Poor dear old Michael! He works so hard at his lessons, to please me, and he's so stupid! Only at lessons, though; he's very clever in everything else."

Her eyes and whole face were full of feeling, as she said this; she was somehow conscious of some secret injustice or infidelity of her heart towards Michael. Mr. Garstone's face grew graver and graver, till, as they strolled along together, she had told him the whole history of her friendship for Michael. She told it quite simply, and she touched him by the way she dwelt upon the fact, that this young fisherman had been literally her only friend.

"You say *has been*, I am glad to notice. You have friends here now, Miss Trestrail."

"I am very glad if I may call you my friend," she answered; "but I thought you would perhaps despise me for making a friend of a common fisherman." She spoke proudly, but wistfully examined the expression of his face.

"By no means. I pity you for your friendlessness; but, at the same time, young Petcowrie being, at all events to you, what you describe him, I honor your choice of him as a friend."

"Do you really?"

"Yes, really; and what's more difficult, I'm inclined to take for granted, on your showing, that this Michael Petcowrie is a good, and by no means common young fellow. You've interested me in him, Miss Trestrail. But, nevertheless, as I said before, I wish you were my sister. If you were, neither this letter nor any other should go from you to him. I would see your friend, and give him for you any message you chose to send him; and then I would speak a little plain but friendly counsel to him for myself."

More in a fatherly than even in a brotherly way, Mr. Garstone explained to Gurtha a little of what made familiar correspondence, familiar intercourse, between herself and a young man of such different station objectionable; telling her something of what, if he had had an interview with Michael, he would have told him of the impossibility of keeping up such a relation as now existed between them without injury and pain resulting to them both. He understood the girl's character well enough, however, to speak lightly of the injury to her compared with that to him.

"Associating with you, Miss Trestrail, treated as a friend and equal by you, the young man's head will be full of mistaken notions: women of his own class, one of whom might otherwise have made him happy, will be distasteful to him. And when you, by marriage, or some other inevitable change of life, are separated from him, he will think himself ill-used—his life will, perhaps, the best part of it, have been spoiled and wasted. Very possibly, he will take to idle and dissipated habits, and lay all the sin of his doing so to your door."

Gurtha listened patiently, blushingly, and thoughtfully.

"You are very good," she said, "to take the trouble to talk to me like this. If Edgar would have done so long ago!—However," she added, "you will post this one letter."

He did post that one letter for her; and before returning to Chevala that evening, he made a long round for the sole purpose of instituting some inquiries about young Petcowrie. All he heard was reassuring and satisfactory.

The next day, Edith Wintower arrived at Chevala, and Mr. Garstone's thoughts were a good deal taken up with strictly personal and private interests—fluctuating hopes and fears.

CHAPTER V.

When Miss Wintower had been a week at Chevala, there came a great change in the weather. Till then, it had been drowsily calm, goldenly sunny; but now a mighty storm raging fearfully on the coast, swept over the woods and down upon Chevala, making itself furiously felt even there.

As Gurtha sat and watched it, in the darkening drawing-room alone at dusk, seeing how some trees were lashed white as sea-foam, how others seemed to be stripped bare before her eyes; as she heard even through the glass the mighty roaring of the wind in some giant fir, she tried to believe that this great storm in the outer world was the cause of the restless wild trouble of her mind.

She longed for escape now, for the sea, and the shore, and the moorland, for her untamed past life, and, as belonging to all these, for Michael; she scorned herself for the dream she had dreamed, and the ways of slothful luxury she had fallen into.

Miss Wintower had been at Chevala a week, and by ceaseless watching of her, Gurtha had learned many things. From her bedroom window, Gurtha had watched when Edith Wintower and Mr. Garstone had paced the terrace or the shrubberies, early in the morning, or late in the evening.

From some corner of the drawing-room, she had watched when Edith sang and Mr. Garstone listened; she had watched his eyes when they followed Edith; she had thrilled at his voice when he spoke to Edith. She had drunk a subtle poison, which was now working in her blood.

Only the evening before that on which she now sat watching the storm, and brooding over the dark trouble of her mind, she had learned all at once, at a flash, the full meaning of three words—hate, love, and jealousy.

As they were all riding home together, Miss Wintower's horse had shied, slipped, and fallen; she, always a timid and unsafe rider, had been thrown. The injuries she had sustained were of the very slightest; she had fallen lightly, and on the turf. But Mr. Garstone's face, blanched and with dilated eyes—his voice as he exclaimed: "Good God!" and giving his own reins to Gurtha, threw himself off his horse—the passionate tenderness of the words she heard him speak as he bent over the pale girl, and raised her in his arms—the sight of Edith's lovely head resting on his shoulder—the expression of the eyes she lifted to his as she said: "Don't be so frightened; I'm not hurt, Harold; I'll mount again in a few moments"—these things were a revelation to Gurtha.

Mr. Garstone had noticed some strange change of expression in the girl's face. When he had a little recovered his own self-possession, and Edith stood ready to mount again, a pale, passionate happiness in her face, leaning on his arm, he said to Gurtha: "I'm afraid you were a 'good deal alarmed, Miss Trestrail; but, you see, thank God, she is almost unharmed."

"I wish she were dead—I hate her!" muttered Gurtha between her set teeth; but, as she spoke, she jumped out of her saddle, and insisted on exchanging horses with Miss Wintower.

"I daresay, now, he's so frightened he'll shy a hundred times between here and Chevala: he won't throw me!"

She had mounted and dashed off before any one could prevent it. No one saw her again that night; but Mrs. Garstone, when questioned, said gravely: "She says she has a raging headache. She seems feverish. She does nothing but walk up and down the room like a wild beast in a cage. If she does not seem well in the morning, I shall send for Dr. Penson."

But next day Gurtha declared herself quite well, and did not seem very different from usual. Miss Wintower, having a slightly bruised ankle, did not come down-stairs that day. And Gurtha sat thinking that she must and would leave Chevala—that staying there suffocated her to choking—that she must and would have the old wild life again, for which alone, she told herself, she was fit.

Mr. Garstone had spoken to her that morning, half in gratitude, half in reproof, about what she had done the evening before. "Edith says it was too good of you!" To which Gurtha answered: "It was not good at all; and she needn't think I did it for her."

"For whom, then?"

"For you, because I knew you would care if she was killed, and not if I was!" Then she had left him, giving him no chance of replying.

While she sat alone here, half hidden by the window-hangings, thinking and resolving, she heard, at first as it were without hearing, the voices of Mrs. Garstone and her son, talking in the conservatory. By-and-by, she became aware they were speaking of her.

"It is doing her the greatest injustice," Mr. Garstone was saying, "this treating her like a child. She is a fine-natured creature, not difficult to manage by kindness. To send her to school, against her will, at her age, seems to me a piece of tyranny. The more I think of it, the worse I like the plan. I wish I had been at home yesterday when Trestrail called."

"You always had a soft heart, Harold, for the woes of a pretty face. But it's absolutely necessary she should go away. It's not only that her education has been so neglected, but she has got into some sort of entanglement with a young fellow of low station and bad character, and—"

"Not so fast, dear mother!" Mr. Garstone broke in, by so doing keeping Gurtha silent a few moments longer. "Don't be guided by that rascal Trestrail's judgment. I have made inquiries about young Petcowrie, and have heard nothing but good of him. Why, he's the young fellow who saved so many lives when the *Guide* was wrecked last winter! Their friendship's an old affair, beginning when she was almost a baby, and is, on her part at least, of a most innocent and Arcadian character."

"Maybe so. For my part, I thoroughly like the girl, she is so honest and spirited. But what's to be the end of an affair of that kind?"

"That's the question. But I wish we had been open with her from the first."

"Will you try your hand on her now?"

"No, mother. You may think me a puppy

for saying so, but my influence is perhaps too great already—"

"Mrs. Garstone, I can hear all you say!" cried Gurtha so immediately upon those last words as to leave it doubtful whether she had heard them. She came now out of her hiding-place behind the curtains into the middle of the room, and stood right in the blaze of the great wood-fire; in her rich evening-dress, with her glowing face and kindled eyes, she looked startlingly handsome.

"The murder is out, then, and I'm glad of it," said Mrs. Garstone; "I hate keeping secrets, and am always a bad hand at it."

Mr. Garstone felt uncomfortably conscious of his last words—had they hurt her? Probably, he thought, if she had heard, she had not understood them.

"It's quite true," she said, turning to him. "You *could* have persuaded me to anything, if you had been open with me from the first; but you didn't try."

"You are going to be a good, sensible girl now, however, said Mrs. Garstone.—"What is the matter, child? Why are you trembling so?" She put an arm round her, drew her to her, and kissed her.

"I don't know," answered Gurtha. "I am miserable. I hate everybody. I wish I were dead! I wish I had a mother! I wish I'd never been born! I wish I'd never come here!" Having sobbed out these broken sentences, she flung herself into Mrs. Garstone's arms, and burst into the wildest storm of crying that lady had ever witnessed.

At the dinner-table that day, after the servants had gone away—Mildred—not engaged Adela—began to speak of Miss Wintower. She was evidently full of girlish curiosity as to how far things had gone between her and her brother—curiosity that had been roused to the utmost by the fact, that Mr. Garstone had that day requested admittance to the little up-stairs morning-room to which Miss Wintower was confined, and had been for over so long (as Mildred expressed it) alone there with her. Mildred now tried to find out if this "meant anything serious," "if it was all settled," and so on.

Gurtha, watching Mr. Garstone's face, felt a sharp pang at her heart as she saw and understood its half-veiled happiness and exultation.

For some time, he took no notice of Mildred's hints further than just to parry them with evasive answers and innendoes, but by-and-by he said with a soft seriousness peculiar to him when he was deeply moved: "I can't jest about it, dear Mildred. I have won you a sweet sister, whom I hope you will love dearly, as she deserves. Edith has promised to be my wife."

There fell a silence. Gurtha was conscious of a great noise in her heart or head, of flushing and paling suddenly, but no one was heeding her.

When they all rose from the table, the two girls, before leaving the room, wound their arms round their brother's neck, kissing him, fondly whispering: "We *will* love her dearly—we are so glad."

When he was free, he looked at Gurtha: she had been prevented from leaving the room by Mrs. Garstone's passing in the doorway just in front of her. Stretching out his hand to her, he said: "I claim you for a sort of sister, Miss Trestrail. I know I have your congratulations too."

A mist was before the girl's eyes; she hardly saw his hand, but as she felt it clasp hers, she said: "I am sure I hope you will be always happy." Then she snatched her hand away.—"I wish everybody would leave me alone," she cried; and pushing all obstacles out of her path, she dashed up to her own room. The other girls had already flown up to their new sister.

"Why did you do that?" asked his mother.

"I am so sorry for that poor child. I want her to feel that she has a friend in me. God knows how sorely she may need a brotherly friend! I don't want her to think I can care nothing for her because I love another woman better."

"She's no child. You can't be a friend to her. The less she thinks about you, in any way, the better for her, I fancy."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TOO LIKE.

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reached a fearful pitch;
For one of us was born a twin,
And not one soul knew which!

One day (to make the matter worse),
Before our names were fixed,
As we were being washed by nurse,
We got completely mixed;
And thus you see, by fate's decree,
(Or rather nurse's whim),
My brother John got christened me,
And I got christened him!

This fatal likeness even dogged
My footsteps when at school,
And I was always getting flogged,
For John turned out a fool.
I put this question fruitlessly
To every one I knew—
"What would you do if you were me,
To prove that you were you?"

Our close resemblance turned the tide
Of my domestic life,
For somehow my intended bride
Became my brother's wife
In fact, year after year, the same
Absurd mistake went on,
And when I died, the neighbors came
And buried brother John.

Coin Used by Judas.

The "piece of silver," thirty of which were paid to Judas, in his trade of betraying Christ, was considered a peculiar piece by the Israelites, and was always spoken of in their holy books as the holy shekel of the sanctuary. It was the amount which each Israelite between the ages of twenty and fifty was required to pay into the public treasury, as ransom for their delivery, during their sojourn in the wilderness.

According to the British currency, a shekel was worth two shillings three pence three farthings—equal to about fifty cents of our money. The coin was somewhat larger than an American half dollar, and was smoother edged. On one side it bore the emblem of Aaron's rod, mentioned in Numbers 17: 8, surrounded with the inscription in Hebrew which is given in the eleventh chapter of Leviticus—with the words, "Shekel of Israel."

Pleasant Practices.

Among the Feejee Islanders, parricide is not a crime, but a custom, and the extinction of the surplus population is assented to by the victims themselves. Sometimes Paterfamilias suggests that his time is up; sometimes it is his family which take the unpleasant initiative. Upon one occasion, a young Feejee invited a missionary to attend his mother's funeral; the reverend gentleman, much astonished to perceive no corpse in the procession, made inquiries, as delicately as he could frame them, of the bereaved young man, who at once pointed out his mother, walking along as gay and lively as any of the party. The grave was dug four feet deep, by her affectionate relatives; and after an affectionate parting, the poor old lady, still extraordinarily cheerful, was buried alive. During the first year of this missionary's residence at Somo-somo, there was only one instance of natural death; and when Captain Wilkes inquired for "the old people" in a town numbering some hundreds of inhabitants, all under forty years of age, he was informed that they were all buried. But the fact is, in the case of the Feejeeans, they are actuated by the belief, not only in a future existence, but that as they leave this world, so they will rise again; they have, therefore, a powerful motive for quitting the world before they are weakened by old age; and they look with horror upon their neighbors, the Samoans, who do not bury people alive, as skeptical and irreligious.

Carelessness of human life is perhaps the most prominent characteristic of barbarism, notwithstanding that the living sometimes express regret for the departed. The widow of an Andaman Islander wears his skull by way of a jet necklace; and the Feejeeans themselves burn their skin into blisters, and cut off the end joints of the small toe and fifth finger, in order to express a decent sorrow. And yet these last-named people are not only cannibals, but epicures in human flesh. "The greatest praise they can bestow upon any delicacy, is to say it is as tender as a dead man." They are so fastidious as to dislike the taste of white men (which is fortunate for the missionaries), to prefer the flesh of females to that of males, and to consider the arm above the elbow, and the thigh, as the best joints. They have no term for a corpse which does not signify something edible; and human flesh is known among them as "long pig." Slaves are fattened up for great entertainments, and almost always roasted alive; and the chief of Rakl-rakl, who is very particular in his eating, is said to have devoured nine hundred persons himself, permitting no one (greedy dog!) to share them with him. It is to be observed that the Feejeeans have an immense abundance of provisions, and are therefore cannibals from choice. A mere gratification of the palate actuates them; but with the man-eating Maori, or New Zealander, such is by no means the case. The bodies which they prefer after a battle are not those of plump captive maidens, but of the most celebrated chiefs, no matter how old and dry. They believe that they thus appropriate to themselves, not only the material substance, but the spirit, ability and glory of the person devoured; and, on the other hand, a Maori above all things dreads this fate, since his soul is hereby extinguished, and all his own advantages go to magnify his foe.

Other nations, again, are cannibals by compulsion; they have no positive objection to human food, any more than a sailor has to salt meat, but they prefer other things, if they can get them. When the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego, for example, quarrel, they have very literally "a bone to pick" with one another after the contest; but they do not, as a general rule, devour their personal friends; yet, in severe winters, says Admiral Fitzroy, "when they can obtain no other food, they take the oldest woman of their party, hold her head over a thick smoke made by burning green wood, and, pinching her throat, choke her;" after which she makes her appearance on the supper-table. When remonstrated with, and asked why they did not rather kill their dogs, they answered briefly but to the purpose: "Dogs catch *isappo*"—that is, otters. Conceive a lady of age and position being treated in that manner at a picnic (for instance,) where the pigeon-pie has chanced to be forgotten—among ourselves!

Among the Sea Dyaks, it is thought a great compliment to a departed friend to eat him, and some Brazilian tribes *drink* their dead! "About a month after the funeral, they disinter the corpse, which is then much decomposed, and put into a great pan over the fire till all the volatile parts are driven off, leaving only (beside a most horrible odor,) a black carbonaceous mass, which is pounded into a powder, mixed in large conchs of cauiri, and drunk by the assembled company."

Learning a Trade.

It was a wise law of the ancient Jews, that the sons of even the wealthiest men should be made to serve an apprenticeship at some useful occupation, so that in case of reverse of fortune they might have something to "fall back upon." The same law still exists in Turkey, where every man, even the Sultan himself, must learn a trade. How fortunate would it be now had it been a law in this country! "Would to God I had a trade!" is the cry of thousands of returned soldiers, North and South, who find themselves ruined in pocket, with no immediate prospect of gaining a livelihood. It should teach parents that whatever else they may give their sons, they should give them a trade.

So far as the education of their children in the science of keeping proper accounts is concerned, the idea is a good one, as every young man should have a sufficient knowledge to manage his own books, should he ever embark in business; but to make book-keepers and clerks of all our boys is a grand mistake. Better place them in a workshop, mill, or foundry, where they can learn independent trades, which, at all times, will secure for them employment at any time, and the pecuniary compensation for which will be at least as much, if not more, than the business of accounts.

We earnestly advise all parents to teach their sons trades, no matter what, so that it is an industrious pursuit; and let us in future be spared the pain of seeing so many stout, able-bodied young men out of employment, and seeking situations where the pen only can be used.

☞ A writer to the Buffalo Democrat complains of the orthography of the foreman of a gang of laborers, who, in making his daily returns, spelt "shovelling" *fifteen* different ways, viz: "schuffling, shofling, shovelin, shouveling, shovling, shovlin, shoveiling, choveling, shouvling, schouveling, shuvling, shuvilling, shovaling, suvling, chivling."

☞ Pharaoh's daughter found a rich basket, but there was a mighty little prophet in it.

YEARS AND YEARS.

I know not what the world may be—
For since I have no hopes nor fears,
All things seem strange and far to me,
As though I'd sailed on some sad sea,
For years and years, and years and years!

Sailed through blind mists, you understand,
And leagues of bleak and bitter foam;
Seen belts of rock and bars of sand,
But ne'er a strip of flowery land,
And ne'er the light of hearth or home.

All day and night, all night and day,
I sit in my dark house alone;
Come thou, whose laughter sounds so gay,
Come, for charity come! and say
What flowers are faded, what are blown.

Does the great, glad sun, as he used to, rise?
Or is it always weary night?
A shadow has fall'n across my eyes,
Come and tell me about the skies—
Are there drops of rain? Or is there light?

Keep not, dear heart, so far away,
With laughter light and laughter low;
Come to my darkened house, I pray,
Tell me what o' the fields to-day—
Snow or lilies? lilies, or snow?

Do the hulls of the ripe nuts hang apart?
Do the leaves of the locust drop in the well?
Or is it the time for the buds to start?
O gay, little heart, O little, gay heart,
Come hither and tell! come hither and tell!

The day of my hope is cold and dead,
The sun is down, and the light is gone;
Come hither thou of the roses red,
Of the gay, glad heart, and the golden head,
And tell of the dawn, of the dew and the dawn.

A. C.

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE SLAVE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIX.

RECOVERY.

For the space of nearly two weeks, my spirit hovered on the confines of the two worlds, and of that period I have no recollection beyond that of a wild, troubled dream.

Then came a time when I again began to realize existence—to know that I still lived on this material planet—and that, weak and helpless though I was, I was surrounded by as kind and gentle friends as ever ministered to mortal being. No parents could be more devoted to a son than Colonel Brandon and his wife to me—no sisters more tender and loving to a brother than the noble Alice and sweet Cora.

Ah! Cora—my dear, little, darling, blue-eyed Cora—what happiness the memory of those days of feeble languor, when she was one of my ministering angels, brings back to me even now!—days which I can only recall as so many rosy hours of love—when her sweet face and gentle voice filled all my heart and left not even a chilling void—when waking was to live in her presence, and sleeping was to find her in my dreams.

Oh, love! love! love! what a cold and barren world would this be without love!

I recovered slowly; and it was many days after the crisis had passed and convalescence begun, before I was able to converse on the stirring events that have occupied so large a space in my narrative. One day I said to Cora:

"Tell me, dearest, what happened after I lost my consciousness at the building where we were all prisoners?"

"Ah! do you remember that fearful time, my dear friend?" she replied, with a shudder. "Even now it makes my blood run cold to think of it! No wonder you lost your senses then! I only wonder that I retained my own and you survived the excitement. But wait till you see Ernest to-morrow, and he will be able to tell you all, far better than I can."

The next day I saw Ernest, and he related all the principal facts; and it was then I learned of the final departure of Sebastian and his daughter, as narrated at the close of the preceding chapter, and also that I had been conveyed on my litter to the house of Colonel Brandon, where I had been treated by the best medical skill to be found in that region.

Of the bandits, some four or five had been killed, and seven captured and disposed of by the Regulators—three by hanging—Blake, Horset and one other. The Spaniard, Diego Gomez, alias Velando, had long since died of his wound. His letter to his master, Captain Sebastian, alias Guido, stating his condition, had been no fiction. Of the Regulators, three had been killed, and five wounded, one badly. But the country was once more at peace, and it was believed the desperadoes had been effectually put down in that quarter—more especially as, at the instigation of Colonel Brandon, the Governor had issued a proclamation, citing Felipe Guido Sebastian and others to appear on such a day at such a place and take their trial for crimes committed against the peace and dignity of the State, under penalty of being placed beyond the pale of the law and having a price set upon their heads.

"Has the time expired, Ernest?"

"Not yet."

"Of course Sebastian will not appear!"

"That is pretty certain—he is not a fool."

"Has he been heard from since he left this region?"

"No."

"Nor the beautiful Flora?"

"Ah! was she not beautiful, Leslie? From my soul I pitied that girl."

"And she loved you."

"I fear she did!" sighed Ernest.

"And you have forgiven her the evil she sought to do you?"

"She asked my forgiveness, and I granted that which only concerned myself individually. I could not forgive her attempt against the liberty, if not life, of my dear Alice; but I was compelled to pity her, for all that—so young, so beautiful, so accomplished, to be so vilely linked on the downward road to ruin!"

"You are right, Ernest—it is only Christian charity to pity her. But her vile, treacherous father should have been hung!"

"Nothing but her plan saved him. Ah! you can believe, my dear Leslie, it went hard with us to be obliged to give life and liberty to that head villain and his ruffian crew; but the sacrifice of our dear friends was not to be thought of for a moment, and they would have been murdered had we rejected the conditions."

"As certain as we are now living, Ernest! for Flora had sworn that not one of us should survive her father, and she was the very girl to keep her oath. But tell me now about that mysterious rendezvous! What did you find there?"

"All the machinery for counterfeiting coins, engraving plates, and printing bank notes—probably the most extensive establishment of the kind in the country."

"And to think, Ernest, that it may have been in operation for years, and so near you!"

"I can hardly realize it, Leslie—it seems so much more like fiction than fact—though such was really the case. And to think that you should have wandered about and stumbled upon it in the dark—that was not the least remarkable part of the whole affair! To see the place by the light of day, no one would dream of the reality that lay concealed under such a quiet, common-place exterior; and even when, following out your directions, I had guided a party of the Regulators to it, I thought surely that either you or I had made a mistake, till the matter was put to the test, and we found we had the villians like so many burrowed animals."

"By-the-by, Ernest, what has been done with the two negroes, Cato and Sam?"

"Colonel Brandon, true to his promise, procured the freedom of Cato, and gave him quite a handsome little sum, with which he has gone to some other locality, for fear some of the villains might find and murder him; but Sam has been put to work on another plantation."

"And what of Caleb Stebbins and Peter Reichstadt?"

"Oh, the Yankee and the Dutchman!" laughed Ernest; "they set off together, about ten or twelve days ago, on a tour of speculation—Stebbins averring that he had been idle long enough, and that it was very important he should make a little money to pay him for coming into the 'tarnal country.'"

"But he told me he should leave for home at the earliest opportunity!"

"So he did intend, I believe; but after he found that the outlaws had either been destroyed or driven off, he reconsidered that resolution, and concluded to try his chances for a fortune here first."

"And that reminds me, Ernest, that I have wholly neglected the business which brought me into this region, and which I must now attend to as soon as possible."

"You must not think of leaving us at present, my dear Leslie! Why at all? Cannot some one else be found to attend to your affairs?"

"No, there are certain matters I must see to in person."

"What will little Cora say?"

"Doubtless she will be glad to get rid of me for a while."

"Nay, my friend, you know better than that?"

"You flatter me with the idea that she will miss me."

"And I hope you flatter us with the idea that she will soon find you again."

"My own happiness depends on that."

"When shall it be, Leslie?"

"What?"

"Our marriage."

"*Ours!*"

"Yes, yours and mine—for Alice and I have agreed that you and Cora shall name the happy day."

"You are very kind, my dear friend; but before I individually venture to name a day, it will be necessary for me to know that Miss Cora will accept my hand and heart."

"I will answer for her."

"Will you indeed, Mr. Meddler?" said the fair girl herself, with a rosy blush, as at the moment she came gliding into the room. "Is there any other trifling matter you will answer for?"

"So, you have been a listener, eh? I am glad of it—it will save time. Cora, you know you are in love with Leslie Walbridge, I know it, he knows it, we all know it, and now I want to know how soon you will let the whole world know it?"

"For down right impertinence, I think it would be hard to find your equal!" returned Cora, as she darted out of the room, with her face all aglow, the hearty laugh of Ernest ringing after her.

A few days after this conversation, I settled the matter with the fair Cora in a very different way. There were sighs, and blushes, low tones, sweet words, thrills of joy, trembling hands, fluttering hearts, and the holy kiss of a love as pure as beats within the breast of the blessed angels above. On the eve of the coming Christmas, by the laws of man and God, we were to be sacredly bound together for time and for eternity.

"Oh, blessed, blessed moment, dearest," I whispered to her soul, "when I can call you mine—all mine—forever mine!"

CHAPTER XXX.

CRIME AND RETRIBUTION.

When I had sufficiently recovered to bear the fatigues of a long journey, I took leave of my kind friends, mounted my horse, and, with a trusty black servant, set off to visit various localities within the state, and complete the business which had been intrusted to my care.

Of that journey I shall only mention such facts and incidents as concern the main story with which I have endeavored to interest the reader.

One day, while riding through a lonely wood, I was startled at hearing a heavy groan, as if from some human being in deep distress.

"Lor' bress us! what's dat, Marser?" cried Tony, my servant, in alarm, pressing his horse up close to mine.

I looked quickly and keenly around, and soon discovered what appeared to be the body of a man, lying by the side of the road or path, some few paces ahead of me. I rode up to it, and, with a thrill of horror, perceived it was indeed a human body, face downward, lying perfectly still, with both arms stretched forward, and a pistol clutched in one hand.

"What is the matter, friend?" I demanded.

As I spoke, I heard another groan, coming apparently from a thick cluster of bushes a few rods ahead. The man I had spoken to did not move. I threw my reins to the servant, drew my pistols, dismounted, and bent over the still body. The dress looked familiar. I turned the body over, and, with a still greater thrill of horror, recognized, through blood and grime, the heavy features of Peter Reichstadt. There was a bullet hole in the forehead, and he was quite dead.

Leaving the body of the murdered man, I hurried forward to the bushes; and there, as I had half expected, found his companion, Caleb Stebbins. He was rolling about on the ground, his face all bloody, and occasionally uttering a heavy groan, though apparently unconscious of what he was doing.

"What, in Heaven's name, is the meaning of this, Mr. Stebbins?" I exclaimed, as I bent down and gently raised him to a sitting posture.

He continued to groan, with closed eyes, without taking any notice of me. There was a wound in his head, beginning near the centre of the forehead, and extending around over the right temple and lower part of the scalp, from which the blood had flowed in such profusion as to render him quite a ghastly-looking object. My first impression was that he had been fatally injured, and might never regain his senses; but, on a close examination, I saw nothing to positively confirm this idea. The wound was certainly not deep, I could not perceive that the skull had even been fractured, and most assuredly the brain had not been penetrated.

"Oh! oh! oh!" he suddenly called out, with a kind of spasmodic spring, partly opening his eyes; "I'm killed! I'm killed! I'm dead! I'm dead! oh! oh! oh!"

"Not quite so bad as that, friend Stebbins!" said I.

He opened his eyes and stared at me a moment, with a frightened, bewildered look; and then, shutting them again, and clasping his hands, exclaimed:

"Oh, don't murder me! now don't! and I'll leave this ere derned country right away, and go right straight home to Connecticut—I swum to Guinea, I will!"

"Stebbins! Stebbins! don't you know me?" said I.

"Why, who be you?" he inquired, opening his eyes again, and staring with a still bewildered, frightened look.

"Don't you remember Dr. Walbridge?"

"Jerusalem! yes, I guess I do! Why, be you him?"

"Don't you see that I am?"

He rubbed his eyes quickly with his hands, and seemed trying to recollect. Then he stared at the blood on his hands, and glanced quickly around him, in a wild, nervous, frightened manner.

"How d' you git here?" he demanded, in a startling whisper; "and where's *he* now?"

"He! who?"

"That are Capting Sebastian."

"Gracious Heaven! is this his work too?"

"Hush! he may be skulking about here!"

I started up and looked eagerly around, fearing that my own life might be in jeopardy. There were the tracks of several horses in the road.

"Quick!" said I in a whisper; "tell me all you know!"

"Where d' you come from, Doctor?"

"I was riding through this wood, on my way to the next village, when I was startled at hearing you groan. I first found the dead body of your companion, Peter Reichstadt, and next yourself."

"You don't say Peter's dead neow, Doctor?"

"Yes, shot through the brain."

"Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! what shall I du? what shall I du?" cried Caleb, wringing his hands. "Darn this 'ere country to darnation! I wish I'd stayed to home. I spect I'm killed tew, Doctor—aint I? Oh, jest you look and see; but don't tell me yes now, or I'll die afore you know it and leave you all alone! Oh! oh! ah! ah! what's that, Doctor? what's that?"

The last exclamations were drawn from him by a remark of my frightened servant, who thus far had kept silent, more through fear than courage, but who now began to move up with the horses, asking, by way of saying something, if his master, meaning myself, were alive. I explained this to the trembling Caleb, and also informed him that he was still worth a hundred dead men.

"Great ginger! du you really think so neow?" he said; "and du you really think neow that I'll git well and live?"

"I see nothing to hinder. Your wound, which might have been fatal, is only trifling, and I consider your chance for life a thousand times better than mine was when you saw me last."

"Oh, yes, you was putty sick then," said the selfish fellow, "and I'm glad to see you about agin."

"You will always be glad to see me about whenever I step in between you and death!" I replied.

A sensitive man would have felt the sarcasm of this remark; but it had no more effect on the Yankee than a paper bullet would have had upon the hide of a rhinoceros.

"Yes, wal, I guess so!" he answered, in a matter-of-fact way that was quite provoking.

"Now tell me how this happened?" I pursued; "how both you and Peter came to be shot?"

"You don't say he's dead, Doctor?"

"You can see for yourself."

"Great ginger! it's dreadful frightful! Poor feller! he was the best friend I had out this ere way, if he didn't talk good English, like you and I du. I say, you—don't you think his money and things ought to belong to me now?"

"If he has any money about him, it ought to be sent to his nearest relatives."

"He haint got none in this country—he told me so."

"Then wherever they are."

"Wal, of course I ought to be the one to take charge on't till they're found—don't you think so?"

"Perhaps, if he has any money; but he may have been robbed."

This suggestion seemed to startle Caleb, who instantly put his hand to his side-pocket, where he kept his own money, and then shrieked out:

"Great ginger! Jerusalem! Jehoshaphat! I'm robbed! I'm robbed! Oh, my gracious me! oh dear! what shall I du? Oh, dear me! oh! oh! Oh, Doctor, you hain't got it, now, have you?—come, neow, Doctor?"

"What do you take me for—a thief?" cried I indignantly.

"Oh, no, I guess not—I don't know—I didn't know but you might take it in fun, you see. Oh dear! oh dear! what shall I du? what shall I du? du?"

He fairly danced up and down with grief. The loss of his companion was nothing to the loss of his money.

"Well, shut your mouth and stop your noise

for one thing," said I, "or we may have another party down on us, and all be murdered!"

"I don't care! I don't care! I don't care!" he cried, stepping around as if on hot coals and swinging his arms wildly. "I might jest as wal be murdered as lose that are pocket-book of mine, with all my money in it, and my hoss gone tu! Oh, gracious! oh, dear me suz!"

It was at least ten minutes before I could get the excited Yankee sufficiently calmed down to tell me the tale of blood; and even then he continually interrupted the narration, to whine and groan about the loss of his money—more than once begging to know what I would be willing to give him to help him make up his great loss.

The story, as I finally succeeded in putting it together, was in brief about as follows:

The two men, Stebbins and Reichstadt, had been quietly riding along together, when, at this very place, Peter had discovered his girth to be loose, and had stopped and dismounted to fix it. Caleb, feeling weary of the saddle, and disposed to stretch his limbs, had also dismounted. In this situation a horseman had come suddenly upon them, Caleb scarcely knew from where, and this horseman he had recognized as Captain Sebastian. What had followed he could not clearly state, except that there had been loud words and pistol shots. He himself had fired once, and then run into the bushes where I had found him, and where he remembered being pursued by Sebastian, pistol in hand; and where, as I had reason to believe, he had been shot, stunned, robbed, and left for dead.

So, then, Captain Sebastian was still in the state, in defiance of the governor's proclamation! and, by the expiration of the time named in that document for giving himself up, was now an outlaw, with a price set on his head! And where was the beautiful Flora?

Whether Captain Sebastian had seen Caleb and Peter at some other place and had followed them for revenge and plunder, or whether he had came upon them accidentally, could not be known; but it was pretty certain he had left them both for dead, and, after robbing their persons, had fled, taking along their horses.

"He has no great start of us, and may perhaps be taken!" I suggested; "more especially as he believes that neither of you will be able to tell the tale on him. At all events this is no place for us; and so let us hasten on to the nearest village and sound the alarm."

"Oh, dear me suz! what shall I du? without no money and no hoss!" groaned the troubled Yankee, as I assisted him out into the road.

"I will carry you to the next village," I replied, "and then give you sufficient means to reach Colonel Brandon's, who no doubt will do something for you, after hearing your story."

Caleb was a good deal affected at the sight of his late companion; and, to do the fellow justice, I believe he really felt sorry for his untimely fate, aside from all selfish considerations; but, after weeping over him a short time, he suddenly dried his eyes and said:

"He al'ays carried his puss and pocket-book right over his heart, next tu his skin; and won't you jest feel, Doctor, and see if it's there neow?"

"Feel yourself!" returned I, rather gruffly.

"I don't like tu touch a dead man."

"Then let it alone! and mount the horse, if you are going with me!"

"I'll du it then!" returned Caleb, stooping over the body of Peter.

The next minute he was heard complaining that the outlaw had robbed the Dutchman of every dollar.

I had decided to leave the corpse where it was, and let it be taken charge of and buried by the proper authorities; and soon we were hurrying away towards the village of ———, about five miles distant.

We had only gone some half-a-mile, when, to his great astonishment and almost alarm, Stebbins discovered his horse, with bridle and saddle still on him, feeding by the road-side. On going to catch him, Peter Reichstadt's was also discovered, feeding in the here rather open wood. In securing the latter, traces of blood were perceived, leading further back into the wood, and also the hoof-prints of another horse.

"What does this mean?" said I. "Was Sebastian wounded?"

"I don't know nothing about it," replied Caleb. All I know is, I shot once, and I believe Peter did tew."

"I am for following the trail and endeavoring to find out what it means."

"There'll be danger in doing so, won't there?"

"We can tell better after we have made the trial."

"Yes, wal, you can foller the trail, if you want tu; but I guess I'd better go on to the village at once, and let 'em know what's happened."

"Why, surely, Mr. Stebbins," exclaimed I, pretending to be alarmed for him, "you will not venture on to the village all alone?—you certainly will not be so rash as that?"

"Great ginger! you calculate them there's danger on the road—hey?"

"Have you not found danger on the road already?"

"What'll I du then?"

"You had better come with me for safety."

This settled the matter; Caleb resolved not to separate from me; and we all went forward on the bloody trail, taking all the horses with us.

About a quarter of a mile from the road, the trail led down into a little hollow, where some bushes fringed the bank of a small, running stream. Here we discovered a horse, tied to a small sapling; and Caleb informed me, with a good deal of trepidation, that he thought it was the beast on which the outlaw had been mounted at the moment of making the assault. Neither he nor my servant wanted to venture any further; and so I dismounted, and went carefully forward alone, pistol in hand.

The wounded man, after fastening his horse, had evidently dragged himself forward through the bushes; and from this fact I inferred that he had been very seriously injured—perhaps fatally.

I was not long kept in doubt; for, a few paces further on, I perceived the object of my quest, lying very still, with his right arm under his head, and his face toward the rippling rivulet, as if he had just been quenching his thirst.

"Surrender, Captain Sebastian," said I, in a stern, commanding tone, "for resistance will only bring certain destruction upon you!"

He moved not, and made no answer. He had already surrendered to a foe mightier than I. He was dead!

A cursory examination, showed that he had been shot through the thigh, the femoral artery had been partially severed, and he had gradually bled to death.

It is quite within the bounds of probability, that he had at first thought his wound very slight, and had not really discovered his danger until he had found himself gradually sinking.

Here then was the end of this bold, bad man! His guilty soul had gone to its final account, with another damning weight of murder on it!

But why he had come to this part of the country alone, I could not know. Had he been seeking these two men for revenge and plunder? or had he been lying in wait for me? If either, why alone? where were his followers? At all events he was here, and a fearful retribution had overtaken him at last.

When I had, for the second or third time, assured Caleb Stebbins that Captain Sebastian was quite dead, he became rather courageous; and having dismounted and washed the blood from his face, and received again my professional opinion that his own wound was very trifling—the ball having glanced, and done little besides stunning him and cutting a flesh-furrow—he began to regard the body of the outlaw with a good deal of soldier-like coolness.

"I thought 'twas putty queer if I didn't pink him somewhere, for I ain't apt tu miss!" he said.

"You think you shot him then?"

"Of course I did—who else done it?"

"You said Peter fired."

"Wal, may be he did—I aint martin."

"If you killed him, I suppose you will be entitled to the reward offered by the Governor!"

"Shoi you don't say! How much was it neow?"

"If I am not mistaken, it was a thousand dollars."

"Jerusalem! great ginger!" cried Stebbins, his little cunning eyes sparkling with delight. "Of course I killed him—you can see that are plain enough, Doctor!"

"Then you will claim the reward?"

"Wal, I should rather think I would neow."

"But if any of his men should get hold of you after that, I would not give much for your life!" said I, a little mischievously.

"Oh, wal," returned Stebbins, changing color, "I guess may be it's best not tu say nothing about it. I don't care about blood-money, no how."

"Especially when you have so much of your own!"

He started and became deadly pale.

"Thunderation tu Jehoshaphat!" he exclaimed; "I'd clean forgot all about being robbed, Doctor—I snum tu Guinea, I had! Maybe it's here!"

With the last words, he fairly sprung upon the corpse, with the fierceness of a wild beast. A little search revealed the truth; and the next minute he brought forth his own pocket-book, with a shout of triumph, and next his purse, and in the two found all his money and papers.

He shouted like a madman, crowed like a cock, and danced like a fool.

"Stop!" cried I, angrily; "and behave yourself decently, in the presence of the dead, or I will not keep company with you another minute! Have you forgotten that your late companion lies dead by the road-side? and that only by the mercy of God you are yourself living now?"

"That's a fact, Doctor!" he replied, with sincere penitence. "I was so happy to git back my money, that I didn't think of nothing else, I snum! I'm right sorry now, I tell you!"

On the dead body of the outlaw, we also found a pocket-book and purse—which the Yankee said belonged to his late companion—and a large roll of notes, most of which proved to be counterfeit. There was, besides, a money-belt around the body, which Caleb was anxious to remove, more especially as it was filled with gold, and jewels of great value, as was afterward ascertained.

"No," said I, "that is neither yours, nor mine, nor any of our friends, and we will not disturb it; but let it be examined at the proper time and taken charge of by the proper authorities."

"You don't think, then, we have a right tu that are?"

"No, Mr. Stebbins, we have no right to anything not our own."

"Wal, how about this ere money of Peter's?"

"You must hand that over to the proper authorities also."

"Yes, wal, jest as you say."

As I stood gazing down upon the white, bloodless face of the outlaw, feeling a sort of stern satisfaction that at last he had met the death he merited, I perceived a letter projecting from an inside pocket of his waist-coat. I drew it forth, found it written in Spanish, and returned it. It was subsequently translated, and read as follows:

"Dear father, why forsake us? What have we done to justify such cruel treatment? You must know that I at least love you most devotedly! Have I not proved it more than once? You know, dear father, that what I did was for your own good! Why leave us, and go where death awaits you? We have enough to live on for the rest of our days. Let us change our names, and go to some other country! Oh, dear father, come back to us, or my heart will break! I have little to live for except you, and I will do my best to make you happy and forget the past. Mother does not understand me—you only do—you always did. Oh, dear, dear father, do not leave me alone in this cold, selfish world! Oh, come back to us! or take me with you! If you forsake me now, I shall die—for I have nothing else to love—and you know, dear father, my passionate nature cannot exist without love! Again behold me on my knees, dear, dear father, begging and praying you will return to your unhappy, and otherwise forever miserable, Flora!"

From this letter, and the fact of his being here alone, it was evident the outlaw had forsaken his family, his wife and his devoted daughter; but whether with the intention of returning to them again, wherever they might be, I cannot say. Beyond what is written I know nothing.

Caleb Stebbins accompanied me to the village of ———, where we laid our startling facts before a magistrate; and in due time everything was settled according to law—the Yankee eventually receiving the thousand dollar reward offered for the capture of Felipe Guido Sebastian, dead or alive.

"As you've ben to some trouble in this ere matter, Doctor," he said to me, as we were about to part, "and as I've come out a good deal better'n I expected tu, I guess 't won't be nothing more'n right for me to do the fair thing by you."

Then, as if he had suddenly worked himself up to something desperate, he added, in a quick and business-like manner:

"Now I'll tell you what 'll I do, Doctor—I snum! You've lost quite a spell here, helping me out of this ere affair, and I'll jest pay your board and the nigger's for the time, pay your hoss-feed besides, and allow you three dollars. There, neow!"

"Oh, my dear Mr. Stebbins," returned I, warmly shaking his hand, and biting my lips to keep my gravity, "you are *too* generous! indeed you are! I could not think of robbing you!"

"No, Doctor—darn it all—take it!" he rejoined, with a magnificent air.

"Oh, no—never! never!" said I, with a stage attitude.

"Wal, won't you take nothing?"

"Nothing, Mr. Stebbins."

"Wal, then, I'm much obleeged tu you, Doctor—I snum to Guinea, I am—and you may be sure I won't forgit you in a hurry!"

I am almost afraid he kept his word.

We finally parted—he declaring he was "agoing to go right straight home." Perhaps he did—at least I never saw him again.

I finished my business, and returned to Colonel Brandon's in time to join my friend in being made the happiest of men.

Years had passed away—bright years of happiness for Ernest La Grange and him who pens this story—for noble, queenly Alice, and gentle, loving Cora.

It so happened, under the Providence of God, that Ernest La Grange was in the city of New Orleans during the prevalence of a fearful pestilence—at a time when brave men's hearts failed them, and they fled in terror, deserting kith and kin—when husbands forsook their wives, and mothers their children—when a noble few, sustained by a faith in Him whose kingdom is not of this world, ministered unto the many, body and soul.

My friend sickened and fell in the lurid light of the ghastly streets, where Death was busy in his work of desolation, and the timid fled from him as from a contagion. But the kind arms of a Priest lifted and bore him to a place of rest and shelter, and the sweet Sisters of Mercy hovered around him like angels.

Many long days after, when returning life had made him conscious of human forms, he beheld a strangely sweet face bent tenderly over him.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Sister Bertha!" was the tremulous answer.

"Surely I have seen you before!"

"In your dreams."

"Were you not once called Flora Sebastian?"

There was a startled cry; and the beautiful face was gone—gone—to return no more.

Other sweet Sisters of Mercy came—but never more the beautiful face of Sister Bertha.

My friend recovered, to thank God and tell his fearful tale; but never again did he ever see, or hear, or get any trace of—THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER.

THE END.

Advantage of Diamonds.

The Empress Eugenie has select soirees on every Monday. Several American ladies have succeeded, to the amazement and envy of less favored aspirants, in making good their footing at these charming *soirees*. It is said that one of these, immensely rich and particularly enterprising, having got herself presented at court, took an opportunity of setting forth to the Duc de Bassano, the Grand Chamberlain, her great desire to be invited to the Empress's "Mondays," and earnestly entreated the Duke to intercede with the Empress in her favor.

"But, my dear lady," objected the Duke, "on what possible ground, on what imaginable pretext, could I ask her Majesty to place your name on her list?"

"Oh, Monsieur le Duc," returned the lady, "if your excellency would but say to the Empress that I have the most magnificent diamonds, and that her Majesty cannot see them to any advantage in the great cram and crush of the state balls, whereas her Majesty would certainly see them with pleasure at the Monday evening parties, where they would produce a most splendid effect!"

So earnestly did the lady plead her own cause and that of her diamonds that the Duc de Bassano, moved by her entreaties and the oddity of the idea, at last consented to lay her request before the Empress; and the latter, greatly amused by the communication, actually sent the invitation so greatly desired. The lady, who delights in rigging herself out in diamonds from top to toe, and who covers her yellow hair with the same until her head looks like a thatched hay-rick on a frosty morning, came out for the occasion in all her splendor. And whether it be that the Empress really considers the diamonds in question as forming a desirable addition to the attractions of her drawing-room, or whatever else may be the motive of the preference, certain it is that the lady alluded to has so far made good the position so curiously gained that she has been, with her husband, ever since regularly invited to the Empress's Mondays, and is received by her Majesty with the utmost kindness and attention.

Painting the Eyelids.

The fashion now being introduced into New York is thus described by a correspondent: "I have been terribly shocked. For one whole week my most ardent sympathies were excited at the sickly, languid appearance of a young lady who had a seat directly opposite me every day at the dinner table. Her form was emaciated, her skin perfectly transparent, and a death-like hue seemed to pervade the whole atmosphere about her; the eyes shone with unnatural brilliancy, and under them was perceptible the inevitable blue-black coloring—the tell-tale of a debauchee. I longed for an introduction, that I might recommend the application of fresh oysters or a blood-sucker; but failing of an opportunity to secure this privilege, I besought a lady friend to suggest these applications. 'La me!' she exclaimed, in utter amazement, 'why, how verdant you are; don't you know that the lady paints her lower eyebrows?' It was, indeed, too true, as I have since ascertained, positively. She for whom my whole soul has yearned in sympathy for a week, was daubed all over with paint, and most shockingly disfigured herself to gratify a prurient taste to be in the extreme of fashion. Looking around me at the dinner table to-day, I saw no less than six ladies disfigured by a daub of blue-black paint on the lower eyelids. The next fashion, possibly, may require ladies to wear rings in their noses. It is bad enough to wear paste diamonds and pinchbeck jewelry; but when earth's angels begin to paint about the eyes, wear false busts, and false hair in a bag behind their heads, to what extreme may we not expect the dear creatures to go?"

☞ At White Plains, N. Y., recently, George W. Holden was prosecuted by a Mrs. Youmans, for having offered her his seat on a Hudson River Railroad car, and other "outrageous conduct." A verdict was rendered for defendant.

A Fearful Adventure.

On Thursday, the 24th of January last, at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, Charles Hale left the station at Twin Lakes, in Calhoun county, Iowa, twenty-six miles west of Fort Dodge, with the Sioux City mail, in an open sleigh drawn by two horses.

The day had been very pleasant, but just before he started it began to snow. The wind was in the northeast, and as night came on it increased to a strong gale, the snow falling thicker and faster, so that it soon became difficult to keep the road, which is simply a track across the great prairie, without a fence, tree or house to guide the traveller for ten miles. He passed a small deserted cabin, the only building of any kind on the route, just after dark, and soon after the night became so dark and the storm driving so fiercely in his face that he was unable to guide his team or see any sign of the road. He knew that he could not be more than a mile or two from the Yates settlement, and believing that the horses would find their way to the station, if left to themselves, he let them take their own course. After travelling thus a long time and failing to reach the settlement, he knew that the team had lost the road, but was utterly unable to determine whether north, south, east or west of the station. Aware of the hopelessness of finding the road or settlement, in the intense darkness that had by this time come on, he determined to turn round and try to retrace his tracks to the deserted cabin which he had passed.

But the storm, which had been steadily increasing with each hour, drifted the snow over the track almost as fast as it was made, and Mr. Hale soon found that he had lost all traces of it, and was wandering around on the great prairie, entirely lost. His presence of mind never deserted him, and he at once determined that his only chance for life was to keep the team slowly moving that they should not perish with cold before morning.

Mr. Hale had taken the precaution to prepare for a storm, before he left the lakes. He had on two flannel shirts, two pair of mittens, two pair of pants, two heavy coats, a pair of thick boots and buffalo overshoes, and over all his clothing was wrapped a large heavy overcoat. All through that long terrible night he kept his team slowly moving, knowing very well that if they stopped the team and driver would soon become chilled through, and the sleep and stupor which precedes death from freezing would seize upon them long before morning. All through the night the fearful storm seemed to be gathering in strength and fury, and as the wind suddenly changed around to the northwest, the cold became intense. All day Friday and through the night following, the air was filled with the driving snow, which enveloped everything in its icy covering, piling heavy drifts in the streets, blocking highways and railroads, and sifting through every crevice of our best houses. It was one of those fearful winter storms which can only be realized in the fullest degree by the traveller in the great bleak, treeless prairies of the Northwest. Business in town was entirely suspended. No stages left the stations, streets were blocked up, railroads all over the country were buried beneath the great drifts, cattle perished with cold, and out in the midst of a great bleak prairie, alone and lost, the driver of the Western stage watched anxiously for daylight. When morning came, the storm darkened the sky so completely that he could not discern the direction of the sun at any time during the day.

Early in the day the horses, which had been travelling through the great drifts for about eighteen hours, gave out and could go no further. Mr. Hale hesitated not a moment, but unhitched them from the sleigh and turned them loose, that they might, if possible, reach some settlement. He was now left entirely alone, in the most terrific storm of the winter, the snow two feet deep, and lying in immense drifts, miles and miles from the nearest habitation, with no idea of what direction he must travel, or what distance, to reach the nearest shelter. Supposing that he was north of the main road, he started in the direction which he supposed to be south, in hopes that he might discover the lost track. Hours did he wade through the snow, with the fearful storm chilling him through and through. Before many hours he found that his ears, face and feet were frozen solid, and his hands were beginning to freeze. But still strong in the determination to save himself, if in the range of possibilities, he kept moving on through the long, cheerless day. Toward night he suffered greatly from hunger, as he had eaten nothing since Thursday noon. When darkness again closed around him he felt that the chances for surviving the night were very slim indeed. He dared not sit down to rest, fearing that he would fall asleep and perish. All through the second night he kept on his feet, sometimes becoming so exhausted with cold, hunger, and his great exertions to keep travelling, he would stop a few minutes to rest. He repeatedly fell asleep while thus standing, and was only awakened by falling into the snow. Again and again during Friday night did he thus struggle on till daylight appeared. The wind had now ceased, but the cold was intense. When the sun came up on Saturday morning, he was able for the first time to learn the direction. Looking anxiously around on every side, and seeing no settlement, grove or road, he felt that a longer struggle for life was almost hopeless. But finding that he was still able to move, he turned his face to the east, knowing that his only hope now was in being able to reach the Desmoines river, along which he was sure to find settlers. All day Saturday he toiled on through the deep snow, suffering intensely from hunger, cold and loss of sleep. Whenever his strength gave out, and he stopped for a moment, he would fall asleep and tumble down in the snow, again awaken, rise up and push on. Night once more came on, and found him still out on the great prairie, with no shelter in sight. Again did he pass another night—*the third one*—on his feet, walking, stopping, falling asleep, tumbling down, awaking, rising up and toiling on again. Lost, starving and freezing, but still undismayed, he watched patiently during the long hours of the night for the rising of the sun on the morning of Sunday, the fourth day out. The sun rose bright and clear, but it was intensely cold, the mercury at sixteen degrees below zero, with a keen, cutting wind from the north. He had, strange as it may seem, ceased to suffer from hunger; and nerving himself for one more effort, he turned his face eastward, and again struggled on. His progress was very slow, but at about 11 o'clock his courage was renewed by the sight of a grove in the distance.

Hope, that had never entirely deserted him, now grew strong, and all through the day he strove with almost superhuman efforts to reach the timber before dark, fearing that he could not survive another night on the prairie. But his strength was too much exhausted, and, although striving with the energy of despair, he saw the sun go down and night again close around him, while the friendly trees were shut out of his view and beyond his reach. Fearing that if he attempted to travel after dark he would lose sight of the grove, and knowing that in his weak and exhausted condition he could not survive the night on his feet, he finally sought out a huge snow drift, and digging out a large cavity with his hands, he crowded in and buried himself beneath the snow. In this position he soon fell asleep, and slept for several hours, dreaming that he had arrived in safety at Fort Dodge, and was telling his companions of his perils and escape from freezing. But, upon awaking with the first dawn of morning, he found himself buried in the snow out on the great prairie, so weak from hunger, and exhausted from the superhuman exertions he had put forth during the three terrible days and nights past, and so crippled from freezing that he had hardly strength to crawl out of his icy bed. But by great exertions he regained his feet, and could see Last Grove about a mile ahead. When he tried to walk he found that his limbs had lost their vitality, and he could only move forward by reaching down with his frozen hands and lifting his legs out of the snow and placing one foot forward with his hands and then the other. He thus managed to move slowly towards the Grove. After a long, toilsome struggle, in which his indomitable energy of will triumphed over every obstacle, he at last reached the Grove, only to find it cold, cheerless and uninhabited. No signs of life, food or shelter could be found. Still undismayed, his iron will nerved him on to make one more great effort for life.

Beyond the Grove, at the distance of about one-and-a-half miles, he saw a house. Having by this time almost entirely lost the use of his feet and legs, he began to crawl on his hands and knees through the deep snow for the house. Sometimes he would be able to rise to his feet and take a few steps forward, when he would again fall into the snow, and drag himself forward once more. In this way he managed at last to reach the house, having been from daylight until 2 o'clock in the afternoon going two-and-a-half miles. He had reached the residence of Mr. Hicks, five miles west of Dayton, and about thirty miles southeast of the point where he had lost the road. He had been out from Thursday at four o'clock until the next Monday at two o'clock, in the severest storm of the season, with the mercury ranging at about fourteen degrees below zero, and had been on his feet during all the time but twelve hours. He had gone four days and nights without a morsel of food of any kind and no drink but snow. He had slept only five hours in five days. For a long time he was entirely helpless, and very weak from his terrible sufferings. His face turned black, and pieces of flesh pealed off. His feet were terribly frozen, but the doctor saved them from amputation by removing some of the toes. He will lose one ear, and undoubtedly be badly crippled for life. We doubt whether there is another case on record of such fearful suffering, heroic endurance, determined energy, and cool, unflinching courage, as has been suffered and displayed by this stage driver.

The sleigh, containing the mail, was found about three miles south of the Fort Dodge road, and about half-way between that place and Yates' settlement. One of the horses was found near it, frozen to death, and the other has not been found.

☞ Jupiter and Venus were in conjunction at four o'clock on Monday week. To the observer they appeared a foot apart, but their real distance was 422,000,000 miles.

☞ A law has recently taken effect in Missouri, making it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment, for a man to abandon his wife or children under twelve years of age, or to neglect or refuse to maintain and provide for them. This is not in conformity with woman's rights' notions, so far as the support of the wife is concerned.

☞ The eastern shore of Lake Michigan is the best peach, pear, cherry and apple region in the whole country, extending north a hundred and fifty miles, and back from the lake about forty miles.

☞ Four hundred editions of Don Quixote have been published since 1605, the date of the first edition, in Spain alone.

☞ The late Alexander Smith received for his poem, "Edwin of Deira," the work of four years, fifteen pounds, five shillings and three pence.

☞ Two-story cars are growing in favor on the European railways. The lower story has compartments in the English style, and the upper is on the American plan. The whole height of the car is about fourteen feet.

☞ Walter Brown, of Portland, has a new boat, said to be the most beautiful shell ever built, in which he will row his champion race with James Hamill, at Pittsburg. It is 31 feet long, 13 inches wide, and weighs only 83 poundr.

☞ On the 28th of last month, 60 pretty English girls were despatched to Paris, to serve in the restaurants. Of these 30 were blondes, for the English department, and 30 brunettes for the American department.

☞ The New Jersey Legislature has taken from the people of Trenton the election of City Treasurer and Overseer of the Poor, and given the appointment of these officers to the Trenton Council.

☞ Augusta, Ga., has a colored theological school of thirty members, where colored ministers learn to read and write—the teacher being a white lady.

☞ Bismarck has beaten Louis Napoleon by sheer force of superior ability, energy and audacity. The *prestige* of the French Emperor is lost. Instead of being the arbiter of Europe, he is compelled to immensely increase the French army in order to prevent Germany from being the arbiter of him. He gained his position by unscrupulousness and daring, and Bismarck, taking him as a model, has immensely "bettered the instruction," being now unquestionably the ablest rogue among European statesmen, and the ablest statesman among European rogues.

☞ When Lycurgus was asked why he, who in other respects appeared so zealous for the equal rights of man, did not make his government democratical rather than oligarchical,—"Go you," said the legislator, "and try a democracy in your own house."

☞ An old gentleman was forcibly put off a railroad train in Illinois, recently, for having lost his ticket, and the company had to pay him $7,000 for the putting off.

Dancing Flame.

The jumping of a naked fishtail flame in response to musical sounds was accidentally observed by Professor Lecomte at a musical party in the United States. A lecture was delivered on the subject a few nights since at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in the course of which Professor Tyndall exhibited some extraordinary experiments. Illustrating the sympathy between the flame when in a certain state and certain sounds, he said: "Some of these flames are of marvellous sensibility; one such is burning before you. It is nearly twenty inches long; but the slightest tap on a distant anvil knocks it down to eight. I shake this bunch of keys or these few copper coins in my hand; the flame responds to every tinkle. I may stand a distance of twenty yards from this flame; the dropping of a sixpence from a height of a couple of inches into a hand already containing coin, knocks the flame down. I cannot walk across the floor without affecting the flame. The creaking of my boots sets it in a violent commotion. The crumpling of a bit of paper, or the rustle of a silk dress, does the same. It is startled by the plashing of a raindrop. I speak to the flame, repeating a few lines of poetry; the flame jumps at intervals, apparently picking certain sounds from my utterance to which it can respond, while it is unaffected by others."

☞ Ninety-two petitions for divorce are now pending before the Supreme Court at Providence, R. I., of which all but twenty come from wives. Of the reasons assigned, thirty-one are based on continual neglect, twenty-one on desertion, and seventeen each on adultery and extreme cruelty.

☞ The Rutland (Vt.) Herald reports a serious difficulty in the quarries. It says that a number of the workmen, who have been a good deal in the habit of having their own way heretofore, recently struck, in consequence of the discharge of a favorite overseer.

☞ A young lady reprimanded her shoemaker, for not following her directions respecting a pair of shoes she had ordered, and, among others, insisted that they were not fellows. Crispin replied that he purposely made them so, in order to oblige her, well knowing the modesty of her disposition, and that she was not fond of fellows.

☞ The numerous horrible cases of whipping children to death, which have occurred lately, afford quite an argument for giving children the right of suffrage, as one of the "unprotected classes."

☞ When Mr. Livingston, the American minister, who was quite deaf, was introduced at the Court of Napoleon, he had prepared to answer the question he supposed the Emperor would ask in regard to his passage across the Atlantic. Napoleon accosted him thus: "How is Mr. Jefferson?" "Very boisterous! very boisterous!" replied Mr. Livingston, to the great amusement of those present.

R. R. R.—Radway's Ready Relief.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the Relief guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other Liniment, no kind of Pain-Killer, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactory as Radway's Ready Relief. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, pain, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for Sprains, or Burns, or Scalds, or Cuts, Cramps, Bruises, or Strains. It is excellent for Chilblains, Mosquito Bites, also Stings of Poisonous Insects. It is unparalleled for Sun Strokes, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Toothache, Tic Doloureux, Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-eowtf

Holloway's Ointment.—Asthma and Quinsy, frightful diseases! exclaims the reader. We admit they were frightful thirty years ago; but Holloway's Ointment has disarmed them of their danger; by its use they can now be quickly and permanently cured; it never fails. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been more active. About 7000 bbls sold at from $9@10,25 for superfine; $10,50@11,50 for extra; $12,50@14,50 for low grade and fancy North-West extra family; $13@15 for Pennsylvania and Ohio family; and $16@18 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour—300 bbls sold at $8,25@8,50 ₩ bbl. Corn Meal—500 bbls Pennsylvania Meal sold at $5,75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—There is very little prime Wheat offering.—Sales of Pennsylvania Red at $3@3 35, and 3200 bus California at $3,40@3 41. Rye—Sales of Western and Pennsylvania at $1 65@1 67. Corn—Sales of 4500 bus yellow at $1,35 afloat. Oats—Sales of Pennsylvania at 76c.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull; Small sales are making at $22,50@24 ₩ bbl for new Mess Pork; 15@17c ₩ lb for plain and fancy bagged Bacon Hams; 14@14½c for pickled do, and 9@9½c ₩ lb for salt Shoulders. Mess Beef is selling at $17@20 for Western, and $22,50@24,50 ₩ bbl for city packed. Beef Hams are quoted at $41@42. Lard—Sales of bbls and tcs at 13@13½c ₩ lb; kegs at 14@15c. Butter—Small sales are making at 25@30c for roll, and 18@20c ₩ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 17@18c ₩ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 26@26c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market continues dull. About 1000 bales of middlings sold in lots at 27@27½c ₩ lb for Uplands, and 28@28c for New Orleans.

BARK—First No. 1 Quercitron is in demand at $40 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 39@40c ₩ lb.

COAL—The market is dull. We quote white ash at $4,50@4,75, and red ash at $4,75@5,25 ₩ ton, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of prime Western at 85@90c.

FRUIT—Dried Apples are dull. Sales of Southern are recorded at 7½@8c, and Western at 8@9c. Dried Peaches range at 13@15c for halves, 12½@13c for quarters, and 25@27c for pared.

HOPS—Prime new sell at 60@70c, and fair to good at 40@50c ₩ lb.

SEEDS—Cloverseed; 1000 bus sold in lots at $12@12,50 for fair to good, and $12,75@13 ₩ bus for prime, as to quality. Timothy; 500 bus sold at $3 50. Flaxseed sells on arrival at from $3@3,10 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N E Rum sells at $2,70@2,75 ₩ gallon.

TALLOW—Sales are making at 11@11½c for city rendered, and 10½@10¾c for country.

WOOL—About 100,000 lbs sold at from 61@65c for double extra; 59@60c for extra; 57@58c for fine; 50@50c for medium; 46@50c for coarse; 55@60c for good tub washed; 50@55c for fair do; 45@60c for extra Western pulled; 39 up to 60c ₩ lb for No 1 Western pulled, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1200 head. The prices realized from 7¾@8¼c ₩ lb. 175 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₩ head. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 2c@9¼ cts ₩ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $11,00@12,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

Stealing by System.—Recently there was discovered and broken up, at Norwalk, Connecticut, a society that was formed for the purpose of carrying out systematically the business of stealing, and secreting and selling the stolen goods. The society was regularly organized, with President, Secretary, and Treasurer, and was composed mainly of clerks in all branches of trade. A strict account was kept of the stealings of each member, and the value accredited to him on the society books. Profit enough had been already secured to enable two families to visit the Paris Exposition.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Thursday evening, the 4th instant, by the Rev. G. D. Carow, Bolivar J. Howe to Miss Mary Meyers, both of this city.

On the 30th of March, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. George K. Litchfield, of Baltimore, to Miss Lizzie A. Parker, of Germantown, Phila.

On the 28th of March, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. William Barkley to Miss Mary A. Wall, both of this city.

On the 4th of March, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, D. D., John J. Barns to Miss Lydia A. Schaefer, both of this city.

On the 12th of March, by the Rev. T. P. Stevenson, Mr. R. C. Williams to Miss Annie McConnell, both of this city.

In Baltimore, on the 4th of March, by the Rev. Wm. H. Chapman, Mr. E. J. C. Fisher, of Phila., to Miss Fronie Curry, of Baltimore.

On the 28th of March, by the Rev. James Crowe, Mr. William McConnell to Miss Eliza J. Hays, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, Deacon Thomas S. Dickinson, in his 68th year.

On the 9th instant, Martha, wife of the late John Hickey, Sr., in her 69th year.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. Elizabeth Ashton, wife of Benj. Clift, Esq., in her 74th year.

On the 7th instant, Thomas Boyd, in his 37th year.

On the 7th instant, George W. Rutter, in his 38th year.

On the 7th instant, Elizabeth Ferguson, in her 37th year.

On the 6th instant, Albert Shapley, aged 60 years.

On the 6th instant, Catharine Moore, in her 35th year.

On the 5th instant, Mr. Joseph H. Duckett, in his 60th year.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear successively:

ORVILLE COLLEGE,

A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR.

SPLENDID PREMIUM OFFERS

We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of the Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 20 cts. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

ANDY AND JEFF.—Their comic lives, "and so forth;" 100 pages, and near 100 "cute"—"hewrious kuts." It's perfectly awful. Half million sold. Reduced price—only 15c. each, or, as we dislike to separate them, take 'em both for a "quarter;" $7.50 a hundred, post free—5 of each for $1. Last time! Now or never! Address HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

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PARKESBURG TRAIN	at 9.20	A.M.
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For further information, apply to

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Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
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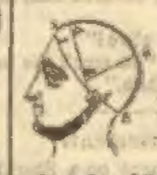

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Man who Wore a Wig.

A wig wearer stands in constant dread of losing off his wig in the presence of others. No one would think of pulling off my wig intentionally. In fact, I have deliberately resolved that whoever does it dies—either on the spot or at some subsequent period. Yet there are accidents, such as the playfulness of a friend who is ignorant that you wear a wig. (The more natural it is, the more danger there is of its being pulled off in that way.)

One cold Sabbath in January, meeting a crowd coming from church, my feet slid from beneath me, and, mercy! I was on the cold, cold ground. My hat flew off—also my wig. The air was keen and piercing upon my bald and shining pate, but I felt the hot blood mount to the very top of it as I saw a smile run along that long line of church-going faces. A small boy handed me my wig with a grin, saying, "I say, mister, you've lost your head." I could have *Herodod* the boy with fiendish satisfaction.

I am a bachelor, yet fond of the sex, and desirous of producing a good impression—hence I studiously conceal the fact that I wear another gentleman's hair. I once courted a widow who had a mischievous boy. She evidently favored me until one day the little rascal climbed up the back of the sofa on which I was sitting in a somewhat tender way with his mother, and pulled my wig off. The widow fainted at the apparition I presented, and I rushed frantically from the house.

Another time I was seated at a card table with some ladies. My partner was a charming girl who I fondly believed was in love with me. We were playing whist, which never fails to excite me greatly, particularly if my partner makes a wrong play. As the game progressed I noticed all eyes upon me, some with wonder and others with ill-suppressed merriment.

I cast a glance into a mirror opposite, and was horrified to perceive that in the excitement and abstration of the game I had pushed my wig back until nearly the whole of my bald crown was revealed. My "rare and beauteous maiden" has looked coldly upon me ever since, except when I have caught her laughing in her sleeve, and then I know she is recalling the ridiculous figure I cut at the card table.

I could fill a volume with the story of my miseries and annoyances, but I think I have told you enough to satisfy you that a very unhappy individual is a man with a wig.

Selling a Subject.

A man sitting one evening in an ale-house, thinking how to get provisions for the next day, saw a fellow dead drunk upon the opposite bench.

"Do you not wish to get rid of this sot?" said he to the landlord.

"I do, and half a crown shall speak my thanks," was the reply.

"Agreed," said the other; "get me a sack."

A sack was procured, and put over the drunken guest. Away trudged the man with his burden, till he came to the house of a noted resurrectionist, at whose door he knocked.

"Who's there?" said a voice within.

"I have brought you a subject," replied the man; "so come, quick, give me my fee."

The money was immediately paid, and the sack, with its contents, deposited in the surgery. The motion of quick walking had nearly recovered the poor victim, who, before the other had been gone two minutes, endeavored to extricate himself from the sack. The purchaser, enraged at being thus outwitted, ran after the man who had deceived him, collared him, and cried out,—

"Why, you dog, the man's alive!"

"Alive!" said the other; "so much the better; kill him when you want him."

A Sheriff's Endorsement.

The following endorsement on a Sheriff's summons is old, but it is so many years since we have seen it in print it may bear republishing:—A Sheriff in South Carolina was required to bring the body of Samuel Townsend into court on a certain day. He had a long chase after Sam, who made for a swamp, running across a rail, got on a stump in the middle of the swamp, and drew the rail up after him, in sight, but out of reach of the Sheriff, who was puzzled as to what return he should make. Anxious to give a complete statement of the case, as well as display his own talents, he made this note on the back of the writ:—

"Sightable, convertable, non est comatible, up stumpum, in swampum, rallo."

"A Bit of Decent Fighting."—A gentleman who was an eye witness relates that some Irish peasants belonging to a hostile faction met under peculiar circumstances. There were two on one side and four on the other, and, therefore, there was likely to be no fight. But in order to balance the number, one of the numerous party joined the other side, "bekase, boys," he said, "it would be a burnin' shame, so it would, for four to lick two; and except I join them, by the powers there's no chance of there being a bit of sport or row at all!" The result was that he and his new friends were victorious, so honestly did he fight.

The Credit System.—The credit system has been carried to a pretty fine point in some of the rural districts, if we may judge from the following dialogue, said to have recently occurred between a customer and the proprietor:—

"Haow's trade, squire?"

"Wall, cash trade's kinder dull nuow, major."

"Done any thing ter-day?"

"Wall, only a leetle,—on credit. Aunt Betsey Pushard has bort an egg's worth of tea and got trusted for it till her speckled pullet lays."

Too Little.—At a recent election a constable was stationed at the door to prevent the crowd from forcing their way among the candidates. A gentleman came up to him, and putting a shilling into his hand, said, with an attempt to put off the smallness of the donation, "I take it for granted there is a little corruption here?" "Yes, sir," replied the constable, looking at the shilling, "but this is too little."

☞ It Broke Him Down.—"By Jove! Harry, I was sorry to hear that you broke your arm. I suppose it pained you awfully, didn't it?" Harry, with much feeling,—"Twasn't the pain, old boy—oh, no! It was being deprived of carrying my hands in my pockets, which broke me down."

SKEPTICAL.

First Unbeliever.—"Well, I don't know his regiment, but Tom introduced him as Colonel Cockrobin."

Second ditto.—"Oh, every one is a colonel now, especially at balls. I never believe in anything under a general!"

Cooking Trout in Camp.—Stick your knife in the back of his neck, and slash the gills the first thing. (Always bleed your fish as soon as you land him; it makes his flesh hard.) When you are ready for your supper, make a small incision at the throat and draw the entrails. Then fill him up with a wedge of fat pork or bacon. Wrap him in several thicknesses of paper well wet, (oak leaves will do,) and lay him in the hot ashes, covering him well with ashes and coal. Leave him from twenty minutes to half an hour, when you may unearth him, and eat with whatever accompliahments you may have. The first thing you will do the next morning will be to go fishing.

☞ At the time there was so much excitement about iron-clad vessels, my brother happened one day to be at dinner, and was carving a piece of mutton. "Said he, "This mutton seems to be very tough." Little Walter, a six-year-old, looked up and said, "Father, I guess it came off our *iron clad ram!*"

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Something of Sorghum.

As domestic sorghum syrup, properly manufactured, is better, more wholesome, infinitely cleaner, and can be made considerably cheaper than any of the imported molasses, or sugar-house syrups in use, all farmers everywhere, from the parallel of *forty-three* degrees North, southward to the Gulf states sugar belt, will find it much to their advantage to give sorghum and its culture more careful consideration. It has been demonstrated beyond a reasonable doubt, that in any region where the ordinary varieties of Indian corn are grown, sorghum may be also cultivated successfully, just as easily and with no more cost per acre, while the average returns may be made to considerably exceed that of the corn crop.

Of course we are not going to advise the abandoning of the old stand-by Indian staple in favor of sorghum or any of its sweet sister plants—only to advise that every farmer shall put in just so much land to one of the most approved sorts as shall yield his family supply of home-made syrup and sugar, lessening by so much foreign importations, which for the year 1865, were nearly *thirty-five millions of gallons* of molasses, and *eight hundred million pounds of foreign sugar*, thereby keeping at home so much cash as goes annually to pay for foreign sugar and molasses, together with incidental cost of freight, insurance, commissions, duties, etc., besides providing at a cheaper rate superior sweets of domestic manufacture.

Taking the whole area over which sorghum can be successfully grown, the cost of production per acre, with the expense of manufacture, ought never to exceed $50—about double that of producing a crop of Indian corn. The average yield per acre of syrup from the sorghum may be made two hundred gallons, leaving a net balance of $150, to which add the value of, say twenty-five bushels of seed at fifty cents per bushel, and fifteen dollars per acre for fodder and crushed cane, making $27.50 to be added to the value of the syrup, and we have a total of $177.50 per acre from sorghum.

Putting the yield of corn at forty-five bushels per acre, which is a liberal average, add $15 as the average value of fodder from an acre, and we have a total of $60, rating the grain at $1 per bushel. Deduct, say $25 as the cost of making and harvesting the corn crop, and there is left us a balance of $35 per acre against the $177.50 given by the sorghum crop.

The cultivation of an acre or so of sorghum being the intention, please to understand, firstly, that according to the best authority, any soil suitable for the best growth of Indian corn is equally suitable for sorghum—a light, friable sandy loam, made rich with such manures as are best for corn, is preferable. Prepare the land in all respects the same as for planting corn, only expend somewhat more labor in pulverizing the surface soil than farmers usually do in preparing to plant corn.

There are several varieties of sorghum other than the old standard Chinese Sorgho—among them the *Nee a za-na*, a low-growing, early, light-colored variety, hardy and yielding well. The Liberian, coming rapidly into favor, because it stands up well and yields largely of juice. The old standard sorgo; and the Otaheitan—technically Oomeeeana, said to be best of all for sugar making.

More from close inquiry among many who have grown sorghum satisfactorily for several years, than from practical personal experience, the following fundamental principles of successful sorghum culture have been obtained:—As the elements of sorgho syrup and sugar are found in the pith of the plant only, the stockier the growth the larger the pith and greater per centum of sap that makes syrup and sugar. This being patent, close crowding either in hills or drills, is poor practice. Better plant in hills, three and a half feet apart, so that the crop can be cultivated both ways. From May 1st to 20th, according to locality, season and condition of the soil, will cover the planting season everywhere north of about thirty-five North latitude. Let the ground be well warmed by the sun—soak the seed in tepid water until sprouts begin to appear. The plants will come hardier in less than half the time, and get a good start of weeds and grass. Put plenty of seede in each hill, scatter them well, cover an inch in depth with finely pulverized soil, and when the plants are up a few inches, thin out to, say five in a hill, having them as nearly six inches from each other as practicable. Keep clean of all weeds and grass, and cultivate frequently, but shallow, so as not to interfere with the fibrous roots which never go many inches below the surface.

For harvesting and converting sorghum into syrup and sugar, we shall give in due time practical suggestions, and instructions gathered from sources deemed most reliable.

Groundnuts.

Any one living in a region where one hundred days can be counted on between frost and frost, and having a corner of light sandy, loamy soil, neither wet nor liable to scorching drought, may grow ground or "peanuts" as easily as peas or beans, and more profitably than either, all things considered. First plough and harrow the land as early as it is found in suitable condition for working. From May 1st to 10th, run furrows four feet apart, returning in each furrow, making an average of, say a foot in depth. Lay along the furrows a liberal supply of composted muck and marl, barn-yard manure, or any convenient fertilizer good for corn or potatoes, and cover by turning over a light furrow from each side, forming a ridge averaging about ten inches in height, and thus the surface is prepared for planting. This operation—until a better plan shall be invented is best performed by drawing a narrow-bladed garden hoe along the crown of the ridge, making a drill about two inches deep, in which the nuts are to be dropped, scattering them as nearly as convenient three inches apart, the covering to be accomplished by a strip of stout lath about four feet long tied to the head of a garden rake, with it hauling in the dirt and lightly patting down the drills. Thus equipped one man walking between two rows will cover as fast as two men can drop the seeds.

The culture consists in simply keeping clean of all weeds until the pea vines get a good start, when they will smother out all such natural enemies and manage their own growth very cleverly. In July rows of winter cabbages may be set two feet apart centrally between the pea ridges, or in August the spaces may be sown with the best sorts of turnips, the crop in either case paying a handsome profit, besides all the expense of preparation and culture for both crops, the whole at harvesting leaving the soil in better condition to yield a maximum crop of almost anything it shall be determined to follow with than it was before the groundnuts were put in.

Throughout the ten mile territory of Vineland, wherever an acre of land can be found not monopolized by fruit trees, vineyards, and strawberry plantations, and throughout a wide surrounding region of South, and West Jersey, it is probable that the cultivation of the California groundnut would prove more profitable in conjunction with turnips and cabbages, than that of any other plant or fruit, and at the same time bring by the simplest and cheapest means the producing capacity of the soil up to the highest standard in the shortest period of time.

Sold at wholesale the prices of African peanuts range from $3 to $3.75 per bushel—best California from $1 to $1.50 above the price for African nuts, a fair average being about $4.25 per bushel. As the average yie'd per acre may be fairly estimated at two hundred bushels, with at least two tons of vines, that cut and cured before getting quite ripe, are worth as much per ton as ordinary clover hay for winter feeding of stock, all taken in conjunction with a crop of cabbages or turnips made at the same time from off the same ground, renders the cultivation of the groundnut worthy of considerable more attention than has been heretofore bestowed upon it in all the midland regions of the United States.

Making Watermelons.

In all esculent roots, almost all tree and bush fruits, we lose in quality by increasing the size to unusual dimensions. So of all vine fruits of the garden or field, as cucumbers, squashes, pumpkins, etc.,—by making monsters we sacrifice excellence of flavor and fineness of texture to increased bulk. The watermelon is one of the very few exceptions to this almost universal rule. The larger we make the melon of good stock the more delicious its flavor, and taking this fact as a stand-point, let us make melons as large as we can, say thirty to forty pounds weight, of superior excellence, giving to such as are fond of extra good melons, and are willing to pay for extra size and quality, something better than they have heretofore had the fortune to find in any of our markets. We can do it, in this way:—

Begin now, or next week to make preparations. Dig pits three feet square, about twenty inches deep, and seven feet distant from each other, measuring from centre to centre. Fill in about ten inches with green stable manure and litter, and tramp down compactly. Over this fill in, say four inches of good, rich sandy loam, and over that a three-inch course of compost, made of either hog-pen or hen-house manure about three parts, two parts of wood ashes, one of some good phosphate, and an equal quantity to all of sandy loam. Over this course make the planting surface of rich, warm soil, and as soon as the season arrives put in the seeds a few inches apart over all the three feet surface, suffering at last about ten of the strongest vines to grow, pulling out the others. When a vine has made a run of three feet, snip off his head, and shorten all laterals to the same length. Cultivate well, keep clean of weeds, top-dress about three times with ashes and bone dust, a handful or two to each hill, and more melons, of very large size can be made on ten hills than the usual method will produce from seventy-five.

Gathered Grains.

——The four first-class hobbies at present popular, are grape vines, bees, Bramah pootras, and "Infantados." Potatoes are also beginning to be very *questionable* subjects among several Solomons.

——In a thorough three days' hunt last week, we found among and on fruit-trees and shrubs about twenty worms, bugs, lice, nits and eggs of insect pests inimical to fruit, where we found ten thousand last year and the year before.

——Already the annual croakers are out, crying—"No peaches." "Wheat winter killed." "Hog cholera." "Dead grape vines." "Poor prospect for apples," &c., &c. That's their avocation. We know two dozen professionals who croak on a salary.

——Paying $3 a dozen for eggs of fancy fowls, and having them sent two hundred miles by express, with the expectation of ever seeing a live chicken out of the enterprise, is the strongest stretch of faith we ever heard of.

——Mad dogs and horrible deaths from hydrophobia is the news that comes from all quarters. Kill and compost every cur found unmuzzled ten yards from where he belongs. That's the sure way of settling the difficulty.

——Three pairs of Massachusetts oxen, weighing 5,705, 5,100, and 4,790 pounds per pair respectively, were sold the other day to a Boston butcher. The largest ox weighing 2,910 pounds.

RECEIPTS.

Veal Cutlets with Sweet Herbs.—Chop all sorts of sweet herbs, mushrooms, a little wintry savory, shallots, pepper, and salt, with a spoonful of oil or butter; dip the cutlets in this, and reduce the sauce to make it stick; do them over with egg and bread crumbs, and set them in the oven to bake; then add a glass of white wine and a little gullis to the sauce, skim it well, and when the cutlets are done lay them on a dish, and serve them to table with the sauce poured over.

Minced Veal.—Cut the veal into very small pieces, but do not chop it; take a little white gravy, a little cream or milk, a bit of butter rolled in flour, and some grated lemon peel; let these boil till of the consistence of fine thick cream, shake flour over the veal, and sprinkle it with a little salt and white pepper; put it into a saucepan with the other ingredients, and make it quite hot. Be careful it does not boil after the veal has been put in, or it will be hard. Before being taken up squeeze in some lemon juice, and serve it on a dish over sippets.

Potatoes a la Parmentier.—When you prepare the potatoes, scrape them, drop them in cold water, to keep them white. Cut in thin slices. (When cut into fillets or thin slips like a pencil, it makes potatoes Francaise).

Cook the potatoes in hot fat, and take them off when three-quarters done. After a few minutes put them again in the same fat, and in a short time take them off with a skimmer, and pepper, and serve warm.

The object in taking the potatoes out of the fat when they were three-quarters done, was to allow them to swell, and render them better eating. Potatoes swell considerably.

A Fine Icing for Cake.—Beat up the whites of five eggs to a froth, and put to them a pound of double-refined sugar, powdered and sifted, and three spoonfuls of orange-flower water or lemon juice. Keep beating it all the time the cake is in the oven, and the moment it comes out, ice over the top with a spoon. Some put a grain of ambergris into the icing, but it is too powerful for many palates.

Cocoanut Cake.—Whip the whites of ten eggs, grate two nice cocoanuts, and add them; sift one pound of white sugar into half a pound of sifted flour; stir this well; add a little rose-water to flavor; pour into pans, and bake three-fourths of an hour.

Cup Cake.—Cream half a cup of butter and four cups of sugar by beating; stir in five well-beaten eggs; dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in a cup of good milk or cream, and six cups of sifted flour; stir all well together, and bake in tins.

To Clean Ribbon.—A tablespoonful of brandy, one ditto of soft-soap and one of honey, and the white of an egg mixed well together; dip the ribbon into water, lay it on a board, and scrub with the mixture, using a soft brush; rinse in cold water, fold in a cloth and iron when half dry.

Corns.—We give herewith what is said to be a certain cure. Scrape a piece of common chalk, put a small portion of it upon the corn and bind it with a linen rag. Repeat the application for a few days, and you will find the corn come off like a shell and perfectly cured.

THE RIDDLER.

Geographical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 51 letters.

My 38, 11, 28, 8, 22, 4, 40, 45, 13, 14, 24, 44, is one of the United States.

My 6, 8, 50, 12, 42, 16, 33, 14, 20, 6, is a city in Asia.

My 18, 49, 7, 3, 24, 30, 27, is one of the United States.

My 1, 8, 27, 10, 23, 13, 39, 2, 19, 8, 13, is a river in Asia.

My 9, 6, 25, 14, 50, 31, 22, 35, 46, is one of the United States.

My 13, 7, 15, 20, 44, 3, 13, is a country in Asia.

My 20, 40, 47, 42, 3, 34, 39, 16, is one of the United States.

My 5, 43, 14, 34, 43, is a river in Spain.

My 5, 34, 3, 4, 40, 27, 14, 51, is one of the United States.

My 17, 49, 43, 21, 31, 33, is a town in Spain.

My 49, 23, 3, 28, 17, 3, 32, is one of the United States.

My 31, 44, 47, 23, 23, is a city in Massachusetts.

My 28, 13, 43, 3, 11, is one of the United States.

My 43, 3, 40, 26, 13, 25, 16, is a town in France.

My 24, 14, 30, 42, 27, 25, 44, is one of the United States.

My 33, 29, 22, 43, 46, 41, 32, is a town in the Great Desert.

My 10, 35, 47, 37, 14, 13, is a town in Arkansas.

My whole was a request made by Napoleon, on his death-bed. WM. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 15, 12, 6, 3, is desired by all the human family.

My 13, 2, 10, 5, is a river in South America.

My 1, 12, 3, 13, 7, 8, 9, is a precious stone.

My 16, 4, 14, 5, is an island noted in history.

My 14, 11, 6, 13, 15, 2, 10, is a Governor of one of the states.

My whole is the author of this enigma and faithful reader of the Post. ——.

Nicholasville, Ky.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in hand, but not in head.
My second is in pillow, but not in bed.
My third is in coat, but not in vest.
My fourth is in work, but not in rest.
My fifth is in dog, but not in cat.
My sixth is in carpet, but not in mat.
My seventh is in more, but not in less.
My eighth is in euchre, but not in chess.
My ninth is in snow, but not in rain.
My whole is a song. H. J. S.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a hollow copper sphere one foot in diameter be immersed in water. What must the thickness of the shell be so that only a point of the surface of the sphere may float level with the surface of the water.

Tobinsport, Ind. W. F. L. SANDERS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find three positive integral numbers whose sum is a square. The sum of their squares a square, and the sum of their cubes a square. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A, who was 70 years of age, had an annuity which was to last ten years, provided he lived until the end of that time. B, gave him for it $1,250, but he had forgotten what A was to receive annually. Now between the ages of 70 and 80, eighty persons die out of eight hundred and thirty-two on an average. What was A's annuity worth in hand, provided his life had been secured 10 years. WM. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a minister near the end of his sermon like a little ragged boy? Ans.—Because he's (toward) torrd his clothes (closes.)

☞ In what does E resemble Napoleon I.? Ans.—In being twice in exile.

☞ When does a woman's tongue go quickest? Ans.—When it is on the railroad.

☞ At what time in a man's life does his horse most desire to devour him? Ans.—Why, in the heyday of his existence to be sure.

☞ Why are old maids and doubtful propositions alike? Ans.—Because they are neither of them a parent (apparent) to anybody.

☞ Why do young ladies confess that ritualistic clergymen are a desirable speculation? Ans.—Because they are pretty in vestments.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Irwin Station. CHARADE—Mosquito, (Moss—key—toe.) DOUBLE REBUS—London and Oxford, (Lapento—ex—neckerchief—Doure—Oder—Northumberland.)

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM, Feb. 16th—Price $1,600; length 160 rods; breath 40 rods. W. H. Morrow, J. S. Phebus, W. J. Barrett, J. B. Sanders, J. Milton Smith, H. K. Whitner, Lewis Lebus.

Answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM, same date—4,9541 seconds. Artemas Martin.

Answer to H. K. Whitner's PROBLEM, same date—2 7/5625-4829 feet.—H. K. Whitner. 2 feet 1.39 + in.—Joseph S. Phebus. 2.1305 + feet.—Lewis Lebus. 2 1-7 feet.—J. B. Sanders.